

CVLUTOSGAMES Patreon by Thomas Bell

(04/March/2023 - 30/March/2024)

[Special One-Time Commissions](#)

[Mar 4, 2023](#)



Welcome Lovelies~

As to keep things orderly, I have created a google doc to keep in order for the commissions. They will be sent by email as a pdf and later on publicly published as gender-neutral with all defining features and names removed!

Please fill out the form and send it, and you should receive your free commission sometime throughout the month. *[Each person can receive only one commission, so fill it out once.]*

[COMMISSION FORM](#)

[Add Name to the Credits](#)

[Mar 4, 2023](#)



Hello Darling,

Having your name is a little bonus feature to show your appreciation! Please add your name and tier, and fill the form out once to avoid clogging. It does not have to be your legal name, but a nickname or title.

[***ADD YOUR NAME TO THE CREDITS***](#)

[Get a NPC Named after you!](#)

[Mar 4, 2023](#)



Hi Lovely,

Get the option to create and share an NPC that shall be featured throughout the story!

[***CREATE YOUR NPC***](#)



[DEV LOG: MARCH 07TH 2023](#)

[Mar 7, 2023](#)

THE SIX THAT THRIVE:

- URL Change: Love-Thanatopsis to Cvtulos
- Story Banner Change

—Story Icon Creation

—Story Colors Decide: Black, White, n' Dark Blue

Plans to work on adding fonts

Plans to work on adding stats

Plans to work on story menus

TSTT: LOVE STORIES

- Created Five Regular Stories Routes
- Created One Harem Route
- Created Four Poly Routes

Thoughts:

- I hate this. Fuck coding. But my icon is cute cute. Can ya tell what it is?
- I'll add stats, light theme, & fonts for full game release
- Need to work on NSFW Stories

- Work on two new love interests



OVERVIEW OF MARCH

Apr 1, 2023

I would say it went extremely well for me!

Not only did I release the first chapter but the second chapter as well and gained a lot of traction within the month! So I am extremely proud of that! As well reached 100+ Followers within the Month!!

===== ♡ ===== ♡ =====

Plans for April [Public on Tumblr]:

- Chapter 3 & 4 Releases

Release in Late April and Early May

(Will have a one week early release on my Patreon)

- Get a few Beta Readers
- Work on the Public Discord
- Love Interest's Spotify Playlists
- Love Interest's Voice Claims
- April's Monster Monthly
- Love Interest's Pinterest Boards

===== ♡ ===== ♡ =====

Plans for April [Patreon]:

- TSTT Summer Vacation Event

Release Sometime in Early June

Pat Tier: The Dragon's Treasure n above

- Love Interest Interactive Fic Shorts

Release sometime in Late April

Pat Tier: The Dragon's Treasure n above

- Love Interest NSFW Short Fics [*Fem, Male, GN!Reader*]

Pat Tier: The Angel's SongBird n above

- Finish up the Patreon Discord:

Pat Tier: The Demon's Lover n above



[DEV LOG: APRIL 1ST 2023](#)

[Apr 1, 2023](#)

So Ive recently finished the entire Chapter Three Rundown! Aswell as decided on the future creation of book 2! But that's for later, for now, let's talk about book one, cause I've been working nonstop on the overview of it.

Book One:

- There will be a total of 22 Chapters

Broken into Four Sections

- Time of Creation [Chapters 1-6]
- Time of Peace [Chapters 7-12]
- Time of War [Chapters 13-18]
- Time of Destruction [Chapters 19-22]

Each of these Chapters will represent something major and relate heavily to what's going to happen. I can possibly go into depth!

So for the story, I will have to update it later to include these points! And hopefully throughout April or May work out on creating a better layout and better coding!

I do want to work on as well stats! Which maybe I won't touch til after the entire completion of book one before I begin book two, which will give me time to sort everything out! Aswell as the two new love interests that may increase, depending.



[I ALWAYS DO!!](#)

[Apr 6, 2023](#)

- ♦ *Apr.06th.2023* | 1.8K|
- ♦ *The Demon {F-24}* | Afab!GnReader
- ♦ *Gentle D* | *Intimate* | *Smut* | *Body Worship* | *Lots of Mentions of Heat* | *D being loving* |
- ♦ **Synopsis***: He's absolutely yours. There's not much else to say.*

===== ♦♦ ===== ♦♦ =====

"My life is yours."

He is very adamant that you know that nothing in your being should deny that he, and only he, is an extension of you. **Heart. Mind. Soul.** That every nerve in his body belongs to you. He is a weapon, a tool, the fire that burns, the smoke which chokes. Anything you wish, he will do. There is no doubt in his mind that he, without question, would kill for you. Though, he appreciates the human part of you, the beating of your heart, the kindness, the understanding that seems only humans can foster and understand.

Even if he condemns you.

His hands are warm against your waist, slightly burning your flesh, as his lips gently press against the junction where your neck and shoulder meet, leaving behind a trail of purple and black bruises, as his saliva cools against your skin, dripping down the side of your neck and between the bare valley of your breast. You sit snugly on his lap, your arms hanging loosely off his shoulders, fingers tangling in the thick strands of his hair. Your clothing, discarded, tossed somewhere in your darkened room, the window to your bedroom slightly open, allowing the cold breeze to fan across your back, combating the constant overwhelming heat.

You mutter his name desperately, feeling his nails slide across the edge of your panties, tugging at the elastic band, before a flash of heat darts across your waistline, sending a shudder along your spine. He burned it to ash, which flutters away in vanishing particles. You open your lips, ready to scold him for doing such, seeing as you had to practically beg him not to keep burning your clothes. But his lips are on yours, a muffled whine resounding as his thick black tongue wraps around yours, taking over the majority of your mouth. Gold eyes staring at you through the dark. You muffled call his name, feeling saliva drip past your lips, landing on his bare chest and evaporating into steam with a slight hiss. His tongue slips away, slithering back into his mouth, letting out a satisfied sigh at the taste.

"I'll find a way to buy you new ones."

"You don't have any money,"

He gently squeezes your waist, pressing a quick kiss to your lips, before sending you a short wink, "I know a blue-eyed idiot who will." Your eyes widen, open your mouth to retort, before Dante quickly moves, sending you falling onto your back with a yelp, your legs hanging off his hips, your hands holding his shoulders as he hovers over you.

"How can you even see?" You mutter quietly, barely able to make the faintest outline of his form due to the limited moonlight of the moon. Dante's hand wraps around your wrist, moving them to rest over your head, his free hand digging into the flesh of your thigh, causing you to wince lightly.

"You know how." He responds nonchalantly, letting out a low controlled breath, a wave of heat fanning across your chest and stomach, clearly amused as your body naturally reacts to his heat. He studies

your body, slowly releasing your wrists, but sending you a silent warning to not move, slowly following the outline of your body. “I like your body.” A sudden wave of vulnerability washes over you, his gaze immediately snapping to you, eyes boring into yours.

Heart. Mind. Soul.

“I mean it.” You know he does, anything he says, he does, anything he does for you. He means it absolutely. He moves closer to you like a predator slowly closing in on his prey. Dante’s breath, warm against your face. Your breath caught in your throat, body unmoving, similar to the day you first encountered him. You can feel the weight of Dante’s desire pressing down on you, overwhelming and exhilarating at the same time. His lips press against yours, sending shivers down your spine.

His hands, always warm, always burning, always gentle when it comes to you, glides down your body, caressing every curve and dip, slowly dipping in between your thighs, your body blindly reacting as his middle and ring finger gently tease your slick folds, palm grazing against your bundle of nerves. Your surprised, muffled whine slips past and into his lips, your hands immediately flying to wrap around his neck, nails digging into his hair. Unbridled waves of pleasure shoot through you, your thighs clamping around his hand, your knees gently pressed to his chest and stomach, your calves resting on his waist.

Heart. Mind. Soul.

Heat fogs your mind, his lips leaving yours, whispering against your skin as he trails downward, “I’m completely yours.” Your stomach flutters, feeling two of his fingers slowly slip inside your clenching cunt, Dante’s tongue wrapping and teasing your hardened buds, wrapping around your nipples, a fumbled cry leaving your lips, hands begging for him to be closer. His fingers continue their relentless rhythm, your juices soaking his fingers, that then slide back in, grazing along that one spot that has your back arching.

“Dante—please—” Your voice cracks, feeling a knot form in the pit of your stomach, your hips blindly moving to match his pace. Your teeth dug into your lips, eyes half-lidded and hazily. Until he stops.

A panicked whine leaves your lips, eyes snapping open, his fingers slowly dragging your dripping cunt. “wait—wait—” Dante pulls away from your chest with a loud, ‘pop’, bringing his dripping fingers to his lips, tongue wrapping around them, savoring the taste of your sweet cunt. Gold eyes staring at you in pure mischief, his canines glinting as he grins, clearly taking pleasure in watching you come undone. Your hands fall from his hair, landing on the plush mattress beneath you.

“Why—Why did you stop?” You ask through shuddered breaths.

“... You know why.”

A wave of electricity shoots down your spine, feeling the tip of his cock tease your sopping cunt, dragging along your folds. He teases your entrance, poking and prodding at your wet hole. You roll your

head to the side, silently begging—pleading. “Dante... Please... *Please... Please....*” You feel his cock head slowly dip inside. Your eyes flutter as your back arches.

“Focus—”

Dante chokes on his breath desperate and heavy, sending a wave of heated air washing over you, slowly slipping his hardened length along your gummy walls, his forehead sinking and resting against your neck, groaning softly against your skin, his cock head nudging against all the spots that make you tremble and shudder.

As you lay there, lost in the heat of the moment with Dante, you feel his breath hot and heavy against your skin. You can sense his excitement building, his body tense with desire as he slowly moves inside you. The sensation of him sliding along your gummy walls is electrifying, sending shivers down your spine as his cock head nudges against all the spots that make you tremble and shudder. His thrusts shallow, slowly pumping, his tip gently nudging against your cervix.

Your nails dig into the fabric of your sheets, feeling Dante’s hands slip and hold the area beneath your knees, gently pushing him towards your chest, face still buried in the space between your neck and shoulder, his thrusts slowly growing, his pelvic area slapping against your clit, splattering your juices across his and your thighs, soaking the sheet beneath you.

He utters your name, repeating it again and again and again.

It’s overwhelming. Every nerve, every section of your body, seems to burn. Driving you closer and close to your edge, the knot in your lower stomach growing tighter and tighter, ready to snap at any moment. If he’d simply—sharp canine teeth bite into your shoulder, a gasp and cry ripping from your lips as your back arches, hands flying down and clinging onto Dante, your eyes rolling into the back of your skull, unable to stop nor prepare for sudden release, your walls gushing around Dante’s cock, tightening around his desperately, a choked groan leaving him, forcing him to stop, pressing his full weight against you, feeling your body shudder and jolt, chest heaving and body covered in a thin layer of sweat.

Gold eyes stare at you in surprise, brows raised slightly, clearing unprepared. His lips change into a small smile, pulling away from you, hands still supporting your legs, watching you regain your breath. “One more.” He gently pushes your knees further, resting his weight on his knees, fucking your cum back into you. You shake your head, eyes barely open, but hips moving to match his building pace.

“I—I wanna fill you.” You roll your head to the side, burying half your face into the sheets, feeling his cock throb and twitch, watching his expression zero in on your cunt, watching you greedily take all of him. Every part of your body is on fire, consumed and driven by blinding pleasure.

“I wanna—” He chokes, saliva slipping past his lips and rolling down his chin, gold eyes unfocused, operating only on instinct. The air grows warmer—hotter, as his thrust slowly changes into something frantic. Your mind feels like a pure blur, your hands blinding, reaching out for him.

“Dante...” You cry his name, his attention moving to your face, his hands immediately entwining with yours, pressing your palms close to his. Dante’s eyes flutter close, his breath growing ragged, his thrust slowly becoming sloppy. He brings your entwined hand to his face, pressing the back of your hand against his face and lips, pressing desperate kisses. “I’m yours. I’m yours. I’m yours.” He whispers it against your skin.

“I might cum again—” Your voice is a light whisper, Dante’s eyes slightly widening, letting out a theory groan, unable to speak, his free hand digging into your hips, a surge of heat following intensely as spurts of his cum fill you, painting your walls, the sudden pressure making you cry out, squeezing his hand as you cum again. Your juices mix together as he rides out his high, pushing his cum deeper and deeper.

Your chest heaves, riding out your high. Eyes fluttering shut and mind blank, the mattress shifts below you, warm arms wrapping around you and moving you to your side, resting your tired aching form against his body. His finger drawing shapes into your skin, listening to the beating of his heart, loving his warmth. “... Dante...” He lets out a low ‘*hm*’, letting you slowly move, giving your space to fully look at him. He has his eyes closed, and black hair all over the place.

“.... There’s a lot I wanna—”

“Ask later.” He pops one gold eye open, looking at you, before re-closing his eyes.

“Just know what I said—I meant it. *I always do.*”

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[DEV LOG: APR 11TH 2023](#)

[Apr 11, 2023](#)

OKAY! So I sorta dropped off, but I've been working on not only act three!! But refurbishing the main interactive fic, as well as setting up the official colors and working on a personal icon!

Official TSTT Colors:

-Purple n Black

No actual pictures, but I'm working up on setting up a better layout and stats which I've been procrastinating on, as well as finishing up HS.

So my current set up is bound to change eventually, so it'll be slow working due to losing my current laptop. But that's all

~ Ciel XOXO



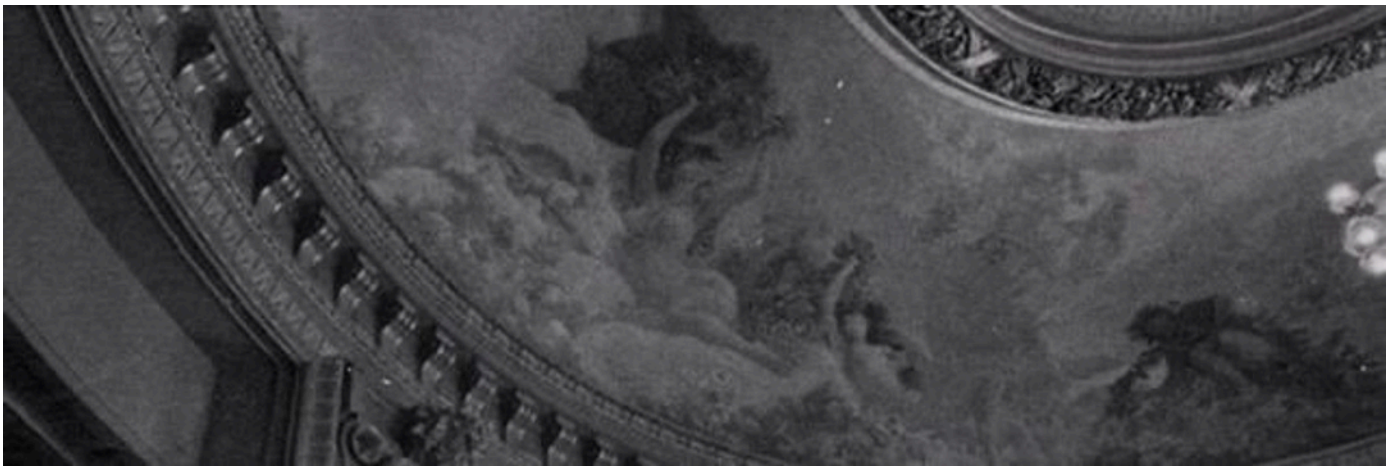
[Important Fun Facts](#)

[Apr 22, 2023](#)

The Warden is based off the Greek Myth of Selene and Endymion! So you should definitely look it up, cause that'll give major insight for the goings on in chapter three, as well as the Warden and Dante's Relationship!

Mr. M = Sun

Warden = Moon



[STATUS UPDATE](#)

[Jun 16, 2023](#)

Hello Loves,

So as we know, my laptop broke, died, ended itself so I've been operating without one for a hot minute cause I'm a broke once hs now college freshmen, (I graduated high school last month), still don't have a well functioning laptop but I was able to salvage my parents old tablet/laptop hybrid. So we are officially back in business.

Now, can I not see in like three different places due to screen cracks, yes, but what matters is I can now do official updates and chapter three is on its way!!

Be prepared cause the way I'mma tryna and get chapter three done this month, fr about to speed run it.

— Love Ciel

[Chapter Three.Act One Sneak Peek w/ D](#)

[Jun 20, 2023](#)

It's a brief moment but oh my goodness, i adore Dante with my whole hearttttttt~ Expect the entirety of chapter three to be Dante propaganda.

"What the--"

Before you can finish cussing, Dante is grabbing your hand, incasing it in his own, easing the pain wordlessly. "Does that feel familar at all?" Gold eyes look over your face, watching you nod, the pain is similar to when you tried to leave the lobby a second time, instead shooting through the entirity of your palm and hand.

"It was caused by Void Eaters." Dante pulls away, turning off the water, and ushering you back into your bedroom, having you sit on the bed as he moves to close the bedroom window.

[Chapter 3.Act 1 Update](#)

[Jun 26, 2023](#)

LORDS, FINALLYYYYYYYYYYYY

I Still have six more acts, but act one is finally fini which was a major hurdle, so I'm aiming for public release in two weeks, but one week for the songbird tier and above, so sometime next week hopefully. Since act 2 - 6 should be a breeze to write.

[Dante + Mating Season](#)

[Jun 27, 2023](#)

The amount of stuff i have on Dante is wildd, like I don't even remember writing this. Also it seems like im posting alot, its cause. I am, cause i want to at least post something once a day!



Fun Fact! Bloodhounds have similar mating patterns to wolves, ranging from January to March! Winter seasons are the best time for Fire Demon Bloodhounds to mate due to the cooler temperatures that allow them to not burn nor melt alive their mate. If a demon bloodhound doesn't mate, they'll be in high levels of stress throughout the season and in some cases sick. Your best option is to try and cool them down.

The AC blares loudly as you move around your house, trying to remain cool as you try and clean. Your hands holding a heavy plastic bucket, filled with ice cold water, a towel floating above and slowly sinking as you walked. You hear a low groan and roll your eyes, the demon has been like that all morning. You use your knee to push open your bedroom door, finding him sprawled out all over your bed. Laying on his stomach, naked as a newborn, with only a towel covering his ass as he hair got everywhere, reaching his lower thighs.

"Dante. Roll over." You place the bucket next to his bed and grab an oven mitt and usher him to move. A blast of heat makes you take a step back as he rolled onto his back, eyes remain closed as he carelessly moves the towel to cover up his privates. You remove the oven mitt, grabbing the sopping towel and pressing it on his forehead, watching his heat cause the water to evaporate and steam. His face contorts from pained to relaxed, thick brows slowly shifting into a calmer expression as he exhales. Gold eyes fluttering open when you remove the towel.

"You're burning up.." His voice groggy, you blink at his words and he stares before letting out an exasperated sigh. His grip is gentle and warm, urging you to fully climb onto the bed, as he moves to sit up. "—The heat has—is bothering you."

You sit across from each other, and the demon reaches over and grabs the towel you just used, dipping it back into the bucket. "I'm fine. It's a lil hot but—" You speak with a gentle shrug, uncomfortable but familiar with the constant heat. You watch him as he doesn't bother squeezing the towel out, letting water slide down his arm and drip onto the bed, he presses the warm towel and squeezed, soaking your shirt.

"Dante!" You scowl, pushing away his hands, letting him toss the towel aside as he grabs your wrist, easily overpowering you. "Stay still." There's no force in his words, dipping his head down to your shirt, canine's nipping at the fabric and pulling, his skin drying the water as he stretches out your shirt, before his long black tongue drags along your chest. You shudder, flinching away, as his tongue drags from your chest along your neck, before pulling away with a hot exhale.

You shudder, your fingers swiping at the line of saliva that slowly sunk into your skin. "Stop doin that—" A icy shiver runs down your spine, and Dante has a smug grin. Bloodhound saliva has slightly cooling properties when combined with water. He drops your arms and lets out a low hum. "I'm going for a walk—so rest." He slides off the bed, stretching his arms as he barely covers his man parts.

"Don't get into a fight and don't cause anything." You call after him, watching him wave you off with a tired yawn, almost leaving his clothing. You watch him leave, listening to the front door open and close. Your shoulders drop, feeling your apartment slowly cool, drowsiness slowly taking over you.

»--*--«

When he returns he finds you sleeping





[I ALWAYS DO!!](#)

[Jun 30, 2023](#)

- ♦ *June.30th.2023* | 1.8K|
- ♦ *The Demon {F-24}* | Amab!GnReader
- ♦ *Gentle D* | *Intimate* | *Smut* | *Body Worship* | *Lots of Mentions of Heat* | *D being loving* |
- ♦ **Synopsis***: He's absolutely yours. There's not much else to say.*

===== ♦♦ ===== ♦♦ =====

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Even if he condemns you.

His hands are warm against your waist, slightly burning your flesh, as his lips gently press against the junction where your neck and shoulder meet, leaving behind a trail of purple and black bruises, as his saliva cools against your skin, dripping down the side of your neck and down the center of your chest. You sit snugly on his lap, your arms hanging loosely off his shoulders, fingers tangling in the thick strands of his hair. Your clothing discarded, tossed somewhere in your darkened room, the window to your bedroom slightly open, allowing the cold breeze to fan across your back, combating the constant overwhelming heat.

You mutter his name desperately, feeling his nails slide across the edge

of your boxers, tugging at the elastic band, before a flash of heat darts across your waistline, sending a shudder along your spine. He burned it to ash, which flutters away in vanishing particles. You open your lips, ready to scold him for doing such, seeing as you had to practically beg him not to keep burning your clothing away. But his lips are on yours, a muffled whine resounding as his thick black tongue wraps around yours, taking over the majority of your mouth. Gold eyes staring at you through the dark. You muffled call his name, feeling saliva drip past your lips, landing on his bare chest and evaporating into steam with a slight hiss. His tongue slips away, slithering back into his mouth, letting out a satisfied sigh at the taste.

"I'll find a way to buy you new ones."

"You don't have any money,"

He gently squeezes your waist, pressing a short kiss to your lips, before sending you a short wink, "I know a blue-eyed idiot who will." Your eyes widen, open your mouth to retort, before Dante quickly moves, sending you falling onto your back with a yelp, your legs hanging off his hips, your hands holding his shoulders as he hovers over you.

"How can you even see?" You mutter quietly, barely able to make the faintest outline of his form due to the limited moonlight of the moon. Dante's hand wraps around your wrist, moving them to rest over your head, his free hand digging into the flesh of your thigh, causing you to wince lightly.

"You know how." He responds nonchalantly, letting out a low controlled breath, a wave of heat fanning across your chest and stomach, clearly amused as your body naturally reacts to his heat. He studies your body, slowly releasing your wrists, but sending you a silent warning to not move, slowly following the outline of your body. "I like your body." A sudden wave of vulnerability washes over you, his gaze immediately snapping to you, eyes boring into yours.

Heart.Mind.Soul.

"I mean it." You know he does, anything he says, he does, anything he does for you. He means it absolutely. Slowly, he moves closer to you, like a predator slowly closing in on his prey. Dante's breath hot against your face. Your breath caught in your throat, body unmoving, similar to the day you first encountered him. You can feel the weight of Dante's desire pressing down on you, overwhelming and exhilarating at the same time. His lips press against yours, sending shivers down your spine. His hands, always warm, always burning, always gentle when it comes to you, glide down your body, caressing every curve and dip, slowly teasing your waistline, his fingers wrapping around your leaking cock. Your body blindly reacts as he gently pumps your twitching cock. While his thumb teased the little slit upon your cock head. You're surprised, muffled whine slips past your lips, your hands immediately flying to wrap around his neck, nails digging into his hair. Unbridled waves a pleasure shoot through you, your legs unconsciously spreading, your knees gently pressed to his shoulders.

Heart.Mind.Soul.

Heat fogs your mind, his lips leaving yours, whispering against your skin as he trails downward, “I’m completely yours.” Your stomach flutters, his pace slowly picking up, sending electricity down your spine, Dante’s tongue wrapping and teasing your hardened buds, licking the area around your nipples, a fumbled groan leaving your lips, hands begging for him to be closer. His fingers continue their relentless rhythm, your pre coating his fingers, that he spreads along your length, uncaring of the mess created.

“Dante—” Your voice cracks, feeling a knot form in the pit of your stomach, your hips bucking upward, desperate to quicken his pace. Your teeth digging into your lips, eyes half-lidded and hazily. Until he stops.

A panicked breath leaves your lips, eyes snapping open, and his hand drags upward, teasing your cock, before completely pulling away. “wait—wait—” Dante pulls away from your chest with a loud, ‘pop’, bringing his coated hand to his lips, tongue wrapping around his fingers and licking the fullness of his palm, savoring the taste of your pre. Gold eyes staring at you in pure mischief, his canines glinting as he grins, clearly taking pleasure of watching you come undone. Your hands falling from his hair, landing on the plush mattress beneath you.

“Why—Why did you stop?” You ask through shuddered breaths.

“...You know why.”

A wave of electricity shoots down your spine, his hands grabbing the space beneath your knees, pushing your legs upward to give him enough space to rest comfortably in between. He spits onto his cock, coating it in his saliva before teasing your ass, dragging his cock along your begging hole. He teases your entrance, poking and prodding at your wet cavern. You roll your head to the side, silently begging—*pleading*. “Dante... Please... Please... *Please....*” You feel his cock head slowly dip inside, your eyes flutter as your back arches.

“Focus—” Dante chokes on his breath desperate and heavy, sending a wave of heated air washing over you, slowly slipping his hardened length along your gummy walls, his forehead sinking and resting against your neck, groaning softly against your skin, his cock head nudging against all the spots that make you tremble and shudder.

As you lay there, lost in the heat of the moment with Dante, you feel his breath hot and heavy against your skin. You can sense his excitement building, his body tense with desire as he slowly moves inside you. The sensation of him sliding along your slick walls is—electrifying, sending shivers down your spine as his cock head nudges against all the spots that make you tremble and shudder. His thrusts shallow, slowly pumping, his tip gently nudging against your prostate.

Your nails dig into the fabric of your sheets, feeling Dante’s hands tighten, gripping the area beneath

your knees, pushing them further into your chest, face still buried in the space between your neck and shoulder, his thrusts slowly growing, his pelvic area slapping against your ass, splattering your juices across his and your thighs, soaking the sheet beneath you.

He utters your name, repeating it again and again and *again*.

It's overwhelming. Every nerve, every section of your body seems to burn. Driving you closer and closer to your edge, the knot in your lower stomach growing tighter and tighter, ready to snap at any moment. If he simply—sharp canine teeth bite into your shoulder, a gasp and cry ripping from your lips as your back arches, hands flying down and clinging onto Dante, your eyes rolling into the back of your skull, unable to stop nor prepare for sudden release, your walls squeezing around Dante's cock, while your dick releases short sputters of hot cum, painting his chest and stomach. A choked groan leaves him, forcing him to stop, pressing his full weight against you, feeling your body shudder and jolt, chest heaving and body covered in a thin layer of sweat.

Gold Eyes stare at you in surprise, brows raised slightly, clearing unprepared. His lips change into a small mischievous grin, pulling away from you, hands still supporting your legs, watching you regain your breath. "One more." He gently pushes your knees further, resting his weight on his knees, fucking his pre into you. You shake your head, eyes barely open, but hips moving, barely able to match his building pace.

"I—I wanna fill you," You roll your head to the side, burying half your face into the sheets, feeling his cock throb and twitch, watching his expression zero in on your ass, watching you greedily take all of him. Every part of your body is on fire, consumed and driven by blinding pleasure.

"I wanna—" He chokes, saliva slipping past his lips and rolling down his chin, gold eyes unfocused, operating only on instinct. The air grows warmer—hotter, as his thrust slowly changes into something frantic. Your mind feels like a pure blur, your hands blinding reaching out for him.

"Dante..." You groan his name, his attention moving to your face, his hands immediately entwining with yours, pressing your palms closely to his. Dante's eyes flutter close, his breath growing ragged, his thrust slowly becoming sloppy. He brings your entwined hand to his face, pressing the back of your hand against his face and lips, pressing desperate kisses. "I'm yours. I'm yours. **I'm yours.**" He whispers it against your skin.

"I might cum again—" Your voice is a whisper, Dante's eyes slightly widening, letting out a throaty groan, unable to speak, his free hand digging into your hips, a surge of heat following intensely as spurts of his cum fill you, painting your walls, the sudden pressure making you cry out, squeezing his hand as you cum again. Your juices mix together, as he rides out his high, pushing his cum deeper and deeper.

Your chest heaves, riding out your high. Eyes fluttering shut and mind blank, the mattress shifts below you, warm arms wrapping around you and moving you to your side, resting your tired aching form against his body. His finger drawing shapes into your skin, listening to the beating of his heart, loving his

warmth. "...Dante..." He lets out a low 'hm', letting your slowly move, giving your space to fully look at him. He has his eyes closed, black hair all over the place. "... There's a lot I wanna talk about still, without you distracting me—"

"Ask later." He pops one gold eye open, looking at you, before reclosing his eyes. "Just know what I said—I meant it. I always do."

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[I ALWAYS DO!! — \[AMAB\].pdf](#)



[JULY Q&A FORM](#)

[Jul 1, 2023](#)

Happy July!! I am super excited for this month, and what comes along with it! And one of the major things is a Q&A, with variety, cause I'm built different. So you can ask questions for me specifically, questions about the overall story, and questions specifically for the characters! Near the end of July, I'll do a whole list of all the questions asked!

[Q&A FORM](#)

[Chap 3 Sneak Peak](#)

[Jul 3, 2023](#)

I absolutely adore MC and Dante's banter, literally my pride and joy.

| [{"How can i trust you?"|Ch.3.Act.3.Pg.2.2}] - mc

"Do you honestly think i would do all of this to eat you?" - dante

"And if i said yes?" - mc

"Then i deserve to eat you for all my hardwork and patience. Give me your wrist." - dante

Dante nudges your legs apart,

| [{"I changed my mind."|Ch.3.Act.3.Pg.2.1}] - mc

"You are being childish." - dante

"You want to burn me." - mc

"I said it isnt going to hurt." - dante

"You said it was." - mc

"Symantics \$mcname. Give me your wrist." - dante

If lucky, i can possibly get chapter three finished sometime this week before Friday and release on Saturday, no promises tho



[DEV LOG: JULY 04TH 2023](#)

[Jul 5, 2023](#)

Hello Loves!

It's been a hot minute since I've done a Dev Log, but theres good news and bad news!

Bad News is I'll have to semi-push back the date, i was pushing for July 7th for an early release, instead im aiming for the 9th. Since a portion of chapter three was deleted cause twine is acting dumb, nothing major, but a slight annoyance.

Now, for the good news. Ive been working on stats and finally got them to work! They wont be anything major, such as altering certain convos that you can have(though i do wish to strive towards such at a later date), but it will add just a bit more of customization to your character.

So they wont be completely added in chapter three, they may possible, but definitely chapter four will have them, which will give me just a bit more time to define them and give them more impact. As well as going through the entirety of the chapters and adding more to each scene and flushing more out, also aiming for a different layout in chapter four or five.

But just thank you so much for the patience with me and the slow process! I'm am absolutely just buzzing from appreciation and excitement.



[CHAPTER THREE: EARLY RELEASE](#)

[Jul 9, 2023](#)

PHEWWW! I was struggling for a hot minute! Anyways! I am so excited, cause not a lot happened, but I did set up a lot for Chapter Four. Which is exciting! Anyways, for the chapter release, since patreon

doesn't allow htmls, you'll have to have a discord, that way you have access, and you'll be able to download it aswell!

Anyways! I hope you enjoy! If there's any issues with the file, discord, or anything. Please let me know, if you don't have a discord, let me know, then I can possibly send it to you personally via email!

[Also, the discord is the official patreon server discord, so don't feel pressured to leave, cause I know y'all's pat levels, so I'll simply add the roles, dw about verification.]

✦ [CHAPTER THREE](#) ✦

[Design Poll](#)

[Jul 10, 2023](#)

Okay! For Chapter Four, I'm aiming towards an entire revamp in look. Originally the colors were black and violet, but i dont think im rocking with it and can't decide on the colors I want. So I need y'all's help. Im keeping the black, (though I will be adding a light version soon), so what should the secondary color be?

Keep the Violet

0%

Navy Blue

40%

Dark Red

40%

White

20%

Burnt Orange

0%

Dark Green

0%

Poll ended Jul 14, 2023 · 5 votes total



[DEV LOG: JULY 11TH 2023](#)

[Jul 11, 2023](#)

I have just done a huge overhaul and my coding has upped by a lot! There are still some things I'm working on, and I'll share the profiles and stats, cause there will be a lot! I'm also going to be adding additional scenes that I had in mind, just to grow the world and give some depth! (Please do share some feedback on some things you'd like to see or know for chapter four)



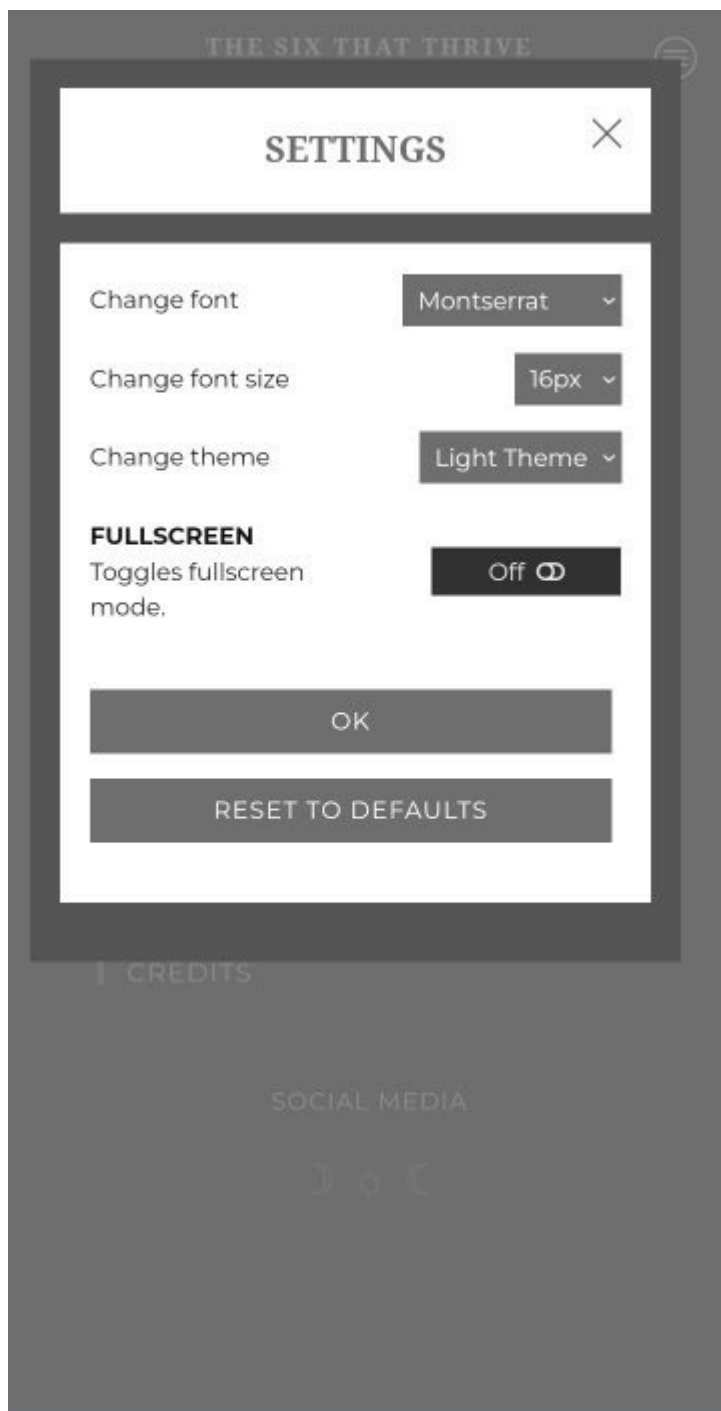
WRITTEN BY CVLUTOS



- | PROFILE
- | STATS
- | DIRECTORY
- | CREDITS

SOCIAL MEDIA







PLEASE SELECT THE FEATURES OF
YOUR APPEARANCE:

Please confirm your body type.

Slender ▾

Please confirm your height.

>5'0FT ▾

Please confirm your hair color.

Platinum blonde ▾

Please confirm your hair lenght.

Shaved ▾


Please confirm your hair texture.

Straight ▾

Please confirm your eye color.

Light blue ▾

Please confirm your skin tone.

Pale ivory 

NEXT



SUBJECT F-24'S FILES

BASIC INFORMATION:

Subject Number: 24

Other Titles: Demon.

Age: ???

Height: ???

Pronouns: He/Him

Species: Demon Bloodhound

D.O.B: ???

Subject Ranking: Black

Supernatural Category: Forsaken

APPEARANCE:

Human Form:

You dont know.

BloodHound Form:

You dont know.

EXTRA:

Likes

| ???

| ???

| ???

| ???

Dislikes:

| ???

| ???

| ???

| ???

RELATIONSHIP:

| **Platonic:** 0

"You dont exist in his eyes."

| **Romantic:** 0

"He doesnt view you that way."

Return to game





PERSONALITY STATS

MAJOR STATS

Throughout the entirety of Arc One, (there are four arcs in total), these stats will become permanent and affect major parts of your character and storyline, as well as interactives with love interests and side characters. These will affect your options present.

| **Confident:** 50

| **Shy:** 50

| **Kind:** 50

| **Mean:** 50

| **Honest:** 50

| **Decieving:** 50

| **Serious:** 50

| **Sarcastic:** 50

| **Clumsy:** 50

| **Graceful:** 50

| **Reliable:** 50

| **Unreliable:** 50

| **Reckless:** 50

| **Careful:** 50

MINOR STATS

These stats will never become permanent but will still affect certain reactions and abilities.

| **Peace-Keeper:** 50

| **Instigator:** 50

| **Romantic:** 50

| **Flirty:** 50

| **Hotheaded:** 50

| **Calm:** 50

| **Easily Trusting:** 50

| **Trust Issues:** 50

Return to game





**PLEASE CONFIRM A FEW MORE
QUESTIONS:**

Do you wear glasses?

- ☐ Yes, I wear glasses.
- ☐ No, I do not wear glasses

Do you need glasses?

- ☐ Yes, I need glasses.
- ☐ No, I do not wear/need glasses.

Do you wear eye contacts instead of glasses?

- ☐ Yes, I prefer eye contacts over glasses.
- ☐ No, I do not wear/need eye contacts.



PLEASE SELECT YOUR GENDER:

Please confirm your gender.

- ☐ Man
- ☐ Woman
- ☐ Nonbinary
- ☐ Transwoman
- ☐ Transman

Please confirm your genitalia.

- ☐ Male Genitalia
- ☐ Female Genitalia

PLEASE SELECT YOUR PRONOUNS:

- ☐ he.
- ☐ him.
- ☐ himself.
- ☐ herself.



[Dev Log: July 12th, 2023](#)

[Jul 12, 2023](#)

Another Dev Log, I am fr on a roll! There's not much of an update, but I decided that a deep navy blue fits extremely well, so that's what I'm going with. And I'm here to share a sneak peek at the new variable and stats added! There are a lot more!! So be prepared!!



[DEV LOG — JULY 16TH 2023](#)

[Jul 16, 2023](#)

I for the first time feel asleep in several days fell asleep at like 2 AM instead of 9 AM. I only slept for an hour, so now I back on my grind and doing an outline of Ch.4. Which is exciting! Right! Beta Testers, I have like two in mind, I think for the next week or so, imma have them just go through the chapters find any grammatical errors and any scenes to fix.

Some Plans to Focus on Between Ch.3 & Ch.4 —

—Grammer

—Addinf in better variables for touch [Since it's been suggested.]

—Two NSFW Fics w/ L-18, R-12, & X-6, possibly Warden and Ro

Chapter Four Release Date:

— Nothing set in stone, aiming for the end of July



[DEV LOG: JULY 21ST, 2023](#)

[Jul 21, 2023](#)

This is in regards to Chapter Four!!

Since I've began working on editing aswell as chapter Four and have now reached Act 4, which is extra excited!! I've added several features, such as jewelry, piercings, facial hair, allergies, diet, and more!! Aswell created a table of contents that you'll see at the end of each chapter! Depending upon the speeds of my beta readers, we may be looking for the early release sometime next week!

Aswell as I've started working on the discord server and growing it. So it will be tied to the public server, but you'll need verification that you're a patreon for the Patreon part of the server. We'll discuss it later when the entire server is built!



[What are some scenarios you'd love to see from the Love Interest's POV](#)

[Jul 24, 2023](#)

Leave them in the comments! Cause I wanna write a few short stories w/ them. You can pick LI we met, and ones we haven't. (Even Ro, cause y'all love him.)

[Discord](#)

[Jul 26, 2023](#)

Small Update! Since I share all of the early releases! Please DM me for your specific tier role. That way, no one is rushing to do so, this coming Friday! Thank you loves!!



[CHAPTER FOUR: EARLY RELEASE](#)

[Jul 26, 2023](#)

Due to a very sudden change of plans, I have decided to release Chapter Four early! Which overall is absolutely exciting!! There are no major changes, but if anything at all is wrong, do let me know! As well, as the discord is still slightly incomplete, so if you'll dm me here on Patreon and notify me of your tier, or notify on via Discord, that way I can verify! And this way you'll also receive specific roles regarding your tier and see the release.

But if you're also someone who has no discord nor interest, let me know, and I can email you the file! <3

Thank you for all the love and patients and just mwah! I love love love you all!!

◆ [THE SIX THAT THRIVE - CHAPTER FOUR](#) ◆

◆ RELEASE DATE:

JULY 26TH

◆ WORD COUNT:

58K, ADDITIONAL 16K W/ UPDATE

◆ ADDED FEATURES:

- FACIAL HAIR
- PIERCINGS/JEWELRY
- SKIN CONDITIONS
- CLOTHING/DECOR
- ALLERGIES/MEDICATIONS/ALLERGIES
- + MUCH MORE



◆ [JULY 2023 Q&A](#) ◆

[Jul 30, 2023](#)

Hello, Darlings!! It has been a fantastic month and I have gotten an array of several questions that were really really fun to answer!! If you have any questions for next month's Q&A, you can start sending them in now!

But anyways, I really enjoyed myself, and there are errors, not 100% sure, but I'm assuming so, but I'm not too worried about them and simply wanted to answer them as honestly as I could! Prep for tmrw, cause we have the monthly overview, then at the beginning of august, I'm going over monthly plans. Then I have a few stories to post! Which is really exciting!!

◆ [August Q&A](#) ◆



♦ [AUGUST 2023 PLANS](#) ♦

[Aug 1, 2023](#)

♡JULY OVERVIEW♡

Hey! Hey! Hey! It has been a long and very productive month and I just want to give my absolute thanks!! I've been working like a madman to get everything polished and or finished and I am absolutely thankful for all the patience that everyone has.

Accomplishments:

- Changed and Updated Layout
- Released Chapter Three: Publicly and Released Chapter 4: Patreon
- Added a variety of Character Customization
- Rewrote and expanded on Chapters 2 and Chapter 1



♡AUGUST PLANS♡

As I begin college, my time is going to incredibly shorten while I attempt to divide it equally since I still have other work I need to get to, but I hope this doesn't entirely affect my Tumblr fans, who I absolutely adore, but I will slightly be putting more attention for my Patreons to a degree since they are helping me immensely and helping me pay my bills. I am grateful for and just love them!

Monthly Plans:

- Chapter 4: Public Release - August 2nd
- Begin Chapter 5 Production
- Release the 20XX Multi-Fics - Part One
- Release NSFW Fics w/ Warden n Dante
- Release NSFW Fics w/ Ro
- Work on Commissions
- TSTT: Tales of Romance IF [*One Shots w/ Love Interests****(NSFW & SFW)***] begins Production

atreon Members get to view early and get rough drafts



♡SPECIAL THANKS♡

Thank you to my beta testers! You three are the most helpful people on the planet and I adore you all! And thank you for all the interaction that I receive on both my Tumblr and [Itch.io](https://it.ch.io). As well my darling Patreons. Just Mwah. I feel as if I have been blessed by the gods for being so fortunate and I mean it! I love doing the things I do; I love being the person I am! There's truly nothing else I would rather be doing!

So, Thank you!

I know this month is going to be a good one.



[“EXPECTED”](#)

[Aug 3, 2023](#)

✦ WARDEN X GN!READER | 0.3K | SLIGHTLY NSFW ✦

■□□□□□□□□□□□□□□□□

"Why would I pity a human?" His breath is cold as he speaks. Sitting impossibly close, one of his legs forcing your thighs apart and the other trapping your leg. His office is silent and chilly, leaving bumps along your skin as you sit on a wooden chair, one that you've grown accustomed to due to spending most of your days restricted to his office, while the Warden sits comfortably in his chair. You've been instructed not to speak.

The leather of his gloved thumb drags along your bottom lip, while the rest of his fingers rest tucked beneath your chin holding your face still. "Let me *rephrase* my question," his breathe fans across your face, leaning in close, sending shivers down your spine, unable to speak as he glides his thumb into your mouth, resting the pad of his thumb against the expansion of your tongue. "Why would I pity you?" He slightly tilts his head, inserting his index finger into your hot mouth, his leather-gloved finger grazing against your gums and teeth. You are unable to swallow or stop the flow of your saliva that drips past your lips, rolling down your chin and dripping onto your clothing.

The Warden clicks his tongue, he says nothing, merely forcing your mouth to widen and remain open. Tilting your head back to allow saliva to pool before forcing your head down, allowing all of it to spill out. Coating his fingers and sliding down his glove. There's a knock on his office door and a flicker of annoyance crosses his face, having been interrupted.

"You're pathetic." He states with ease, pulling his soaked fingers out of your mouth, watching you try and regain your breathing. Icy blue eyes glide across your face, before turning his gaze to his fingers. Wordlessly opening his mouth and inserting his thumb and index, his pink tongue that faded into black, darts across his fingers, silently savoring the taste before pulling away. Leaning back in his seat and recreating distance as if he never invaded your space.

He lets out a cold puff of air. "*You taste just how I expected.*" His eyes glide over your form once more, "still there is more I want to *digest.*" The Warden says nothing more, turning his attention to the heavy oak door, giving a silent 'come in.'

■□□□□□□□□□□□□□□□□

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"Fuck."

The words leave Dante's lips in a hot groan, leaning his head back. You choke on your breath, leaning forward desperately, hands grabbing his shoulders, pressing your bare chest against his, your pebble nipples grazing against his, earning a soft hiss from him and a hot whine from you. Still rocking your hips, you drop your head to his neck.

Your skin feels electric, yet your mind feels hazy. He mummurs your name, wrapping his arms around you and holding you close. He places a chaste kiss to the side of your head, then your neck, groaning against your skin as he thrusts, sucking in a breath each time your walls tighten, gripping him like a vice. You call his name again, feeling a knot form in the pit of your stomach. "Fuck it—" Dante curses under his breath and before you can fully react, Dante pushes himself forward, easily overpowering you until you're under him. He laughs at your surprised face, leaning forward until his nose brushes against yours as he grins.

"I like that look on your face." His hands pressed on both sides of your head, scooting closer and pushing your knees closer to your stomach and chest. "At any moment you can tap out." He tilts his head, golden eyes watching you wordlessly shake your head denying his words.

"Good. Cause I am *far* from done."



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[DEV LOG: AUG 6TH 2023](#)

[Aug 7, 2023](#)

I meant to do this earlier, but I passed TF out!

Anyways! This week, I'm taking a slight break, and what I mean break I mean as in public stuff. Since I'm moving this Friday into my college dorms and probably be busy w/ college stuff, work stuff will have to slow for a bit.

Hopefully, I can spend tomorrow in-between packing to fill my drafts w/ short fics and chat up my discord, but no real content til later this month.

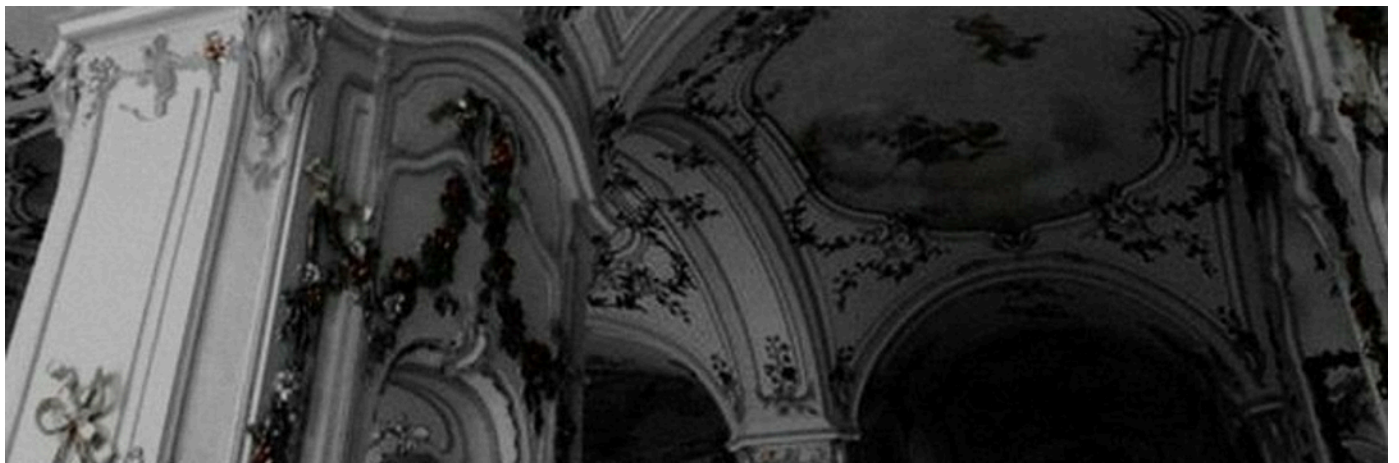
UPDATE ON TSTT:

- I have yet to start Chapter Five, but for good reason, my real good beta tester has basically scorched earth my ass and I have a lot of editing to do and coding to fix, and I want that like 100% done before I move on to chapter five.

UPDATE ON DsC:

- DsC, or Deceit's Crescendo, is my new IF I'm working on, I'll give a brief update on that at a later date, but currently working on prologue and chapter one, which I am aiming to be off the bat 10K pushing 15K words, which will be a pass time while i edit TSTT. Which will also have a early release!

Other than that, thank you so much for the Love and Support!!



["SAY IT."](#)

[Aug 8, 2023](#)

THE KING X GN!READER | —K | HEATED
RO S. | MAKE OUT SESSION



"Forgive me," He speaks between heated kisses, his hands cupping your face, as he leans into you, wordlessly begging for your closer. *"Please, please, please, please **forgive** me."* He whispers into your skin, sending shivers down your spine. His lips graze your corners, the tip of your nose, each eyelid and every spot that laid in bare in view. Each kiss desperate and more apologetic than last, yet praying for you attention. His hold on you shifts, drifting from your face, his warm fingers trailing across your skin, before letting on your hips, pushing away the fabric of your clothing, until his palms press firmly into your soft sides.

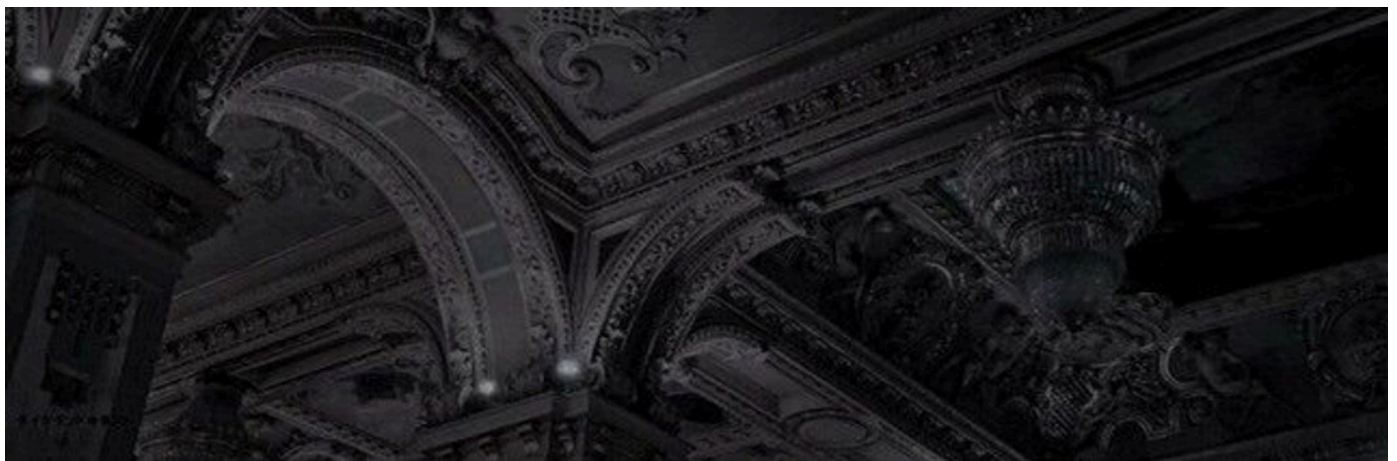
", for all that I do." He groans into the kiss, vibrant blue eyes half-lidded, his tongue swipes along your bottom lip, silently begging for your lips to open and allow him entrance. He pants deeply, his breath warm against your skin. He squeezes your waist, coaxed out an uncontrollable exhale, your wet lips parting, allowing him to press his open lips against yours. His eyes rolling into the back of his skull, you tasted divine. Ro's hot tongue slips further into your mouth, desperately wrapping around yours. He tastes sweet, and he smells like pine. He pushes against you, breathing deeply through his nose, not willing to break the kiss.

Your hands latch onto his arms, squeezing as your stomach tenses, your voice mumbled, silently asking him to let your breathe. He does. Pulling away with a hot gasp, your lips connected by several strings of saliva. His black curly hair is disheveled and his button up slips off his shoulders. "Say you will..." Ro stops himself, before shaking his head, catching his breath, he leans in close.

"It doesn't matter.... you're destined to love me."



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[YOU KNOW ME NOT](#)

Aug 10, 2023

REDACTED X GN!READER | —K |

?????

"Life is full of uncertainty." His nails drag along his desk, his shoes tapping in perfect pattern as he walks, he has a relaxed smile on his face. "Full of trials and errors that all struggle to understand." He has beautiful eyes, beautiful red eyes and a beautiful mark located right beneath his right eye. He walks near you, closing the distance.

"Your life is no different." He leans in close, hand reaching and gently grabbing your face, he tilts his head to the side.

"Oh, but how beautifully it pleases me." His thumb grabs against your bottom lip, using his grip alone to pull you closer, feeling his cool fresh breath fan across your face, sending tingles along your skin. "How beautifully you please me. Crafted so," he pauses, eyes trailing across your face, his free hand caressing your side, settling on your hip. "Perfectly." He muses, before pulling away suddenly. As if suddenly uninterested, he turns his back and lets out a low groan.

"It is a pity that this is only a figment...." He blows out his breathe as if it was cigarette smoke, he's dazzling smile returning.

"I am quite eager to meet you.... *The one who reads.*"

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Ch 5

ACT 1: THE DEMON'S CONFRONTATION

- MC & D leaving D6.
 - Convo about the WARDEN
 - About MC's Father
 - MC redefines their relationship
 - D points out that MC's Father must really love them
- } SK

ACT 2: OF LYING PASTS

- Brief call from MC's father
- He tells MC he's arrived
- Gives the exact direction the Warden gives.
- MC question & he ignores, promising to tell MC everything.
- MC & D run into Rioters, by the train - they mention that the system is shutdown, but Earl gave them a different way
- MC & D go to the D6 wall & MC copies what Earl did allowing them into D6 Up.
- D notices they're being followed & thus a chase ensues, forcing MC & D to run. It's VOID ENTERS.
- DA fights them but admits, it's useless. They break into a random

house & wait out.

ACT 3: AND DRINK FAST

- Overtime MC & D can leave, but MC knows vague where Mary is. Forcing them onto a rooftop.

- D leaps w/ MC from roof to roof.

- MC can be carried

- on his back

- Or tightly held his hand.

- He keeps leaping then you hear Sallies scream directing D to it.

- Sallie & Earl have been cornered by void entities that D sends away

- Brief explanations & then fall are on the way.

• ACT 4: WITH EMPTY STOMACHS

- You four race to Mary's as more chaos unfolds

- Dante asks if u want to

- save humans

- save some humans

- save no humans

- ~~protect~~ protect only you.

- Ur option will affect DG as

- u run.

- D tells you all that w/ the riots, the void is stronger & won't stop his assault. D is basically destroyed.

- You reach Mary's home & find it vandalized. Similar to the surrounding houses. - You also find Thomas.

- You split up

• living room • Dante goes w/ U

• Kitchen

• Basement

• Bedrooms

• Bathroom



- If you go to the basement. U Find the directions you'll be given.

- D is infuriated atp

- Feeling tricked and used - Half mentioning M.M

- He says F the date we're going now.

- ACT 5: ~~THE UNDISCOVERED~~ AND SOLID LEGS

- U you to say ur goodbyes & you know where Mary is.

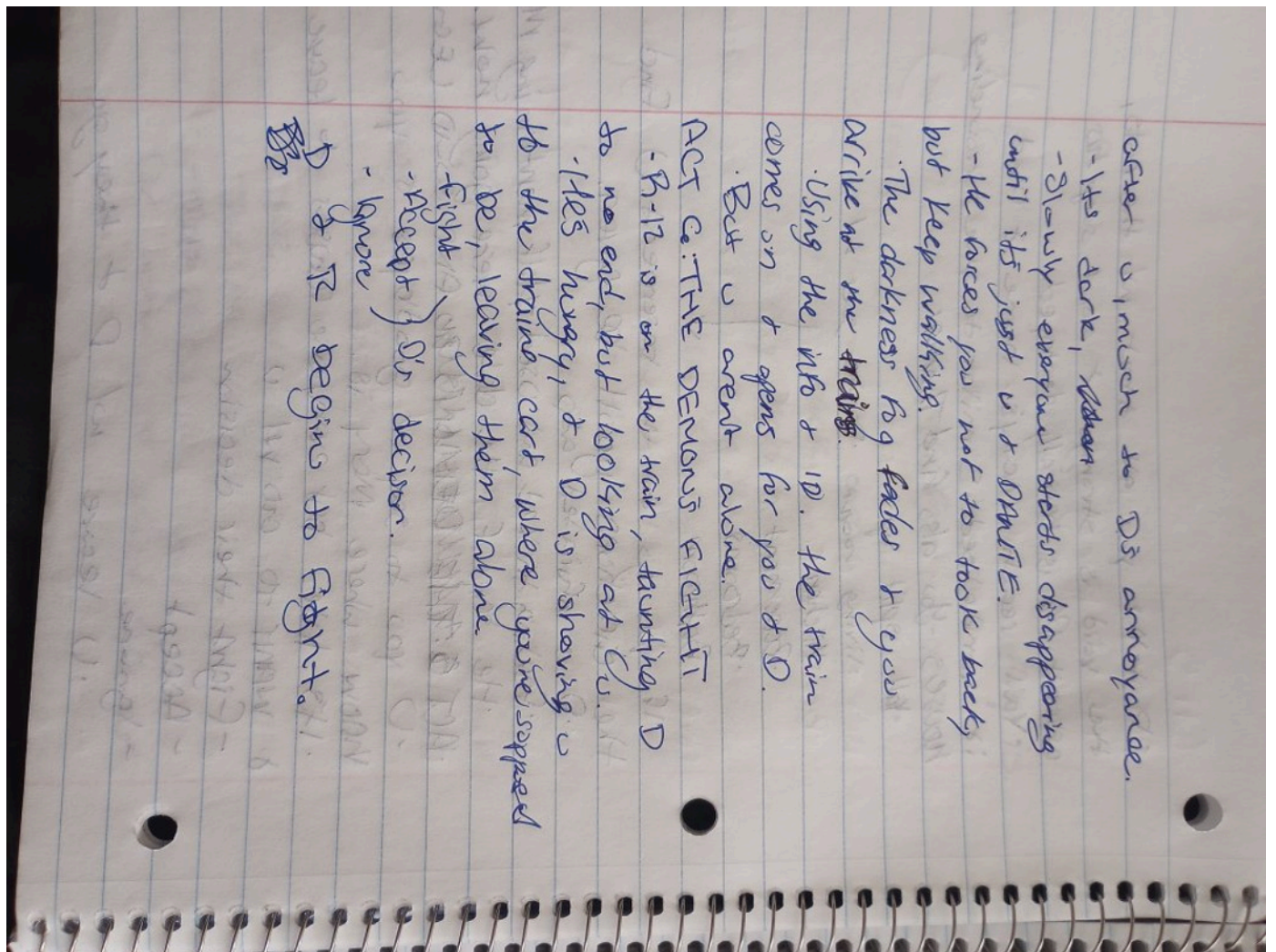
- It's late but everyone refuses to leave & WANT TO GO w/ U

- Fight their decision

- Accept

- Ignore

- U leave w/ D & they go



BEHIND THE SCENES

Aug 13, 2023

The outline of Chapter Five for TSTT, it's real action packed!!

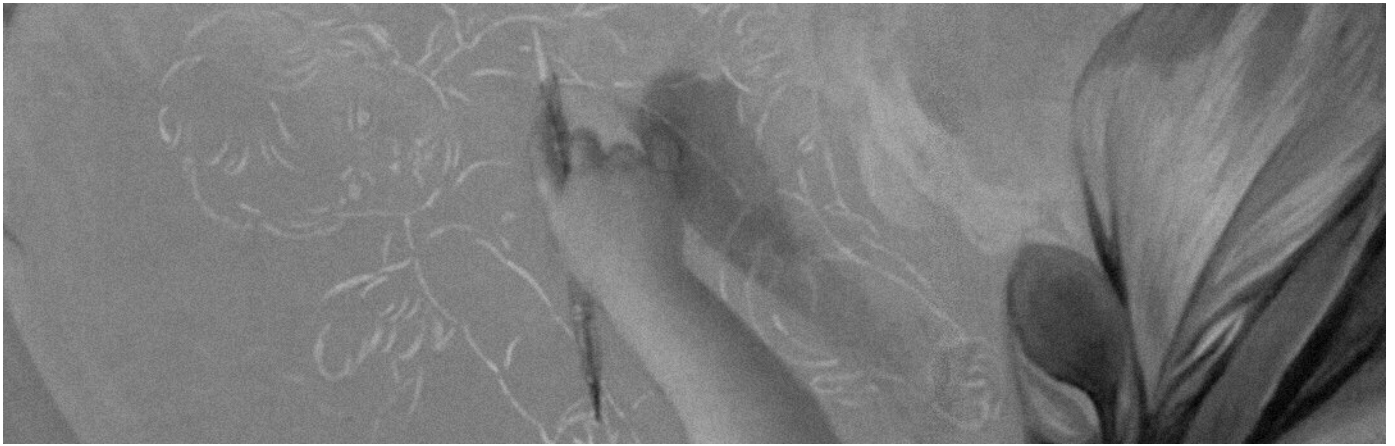
Do you want to see Dante's Character Backstory?

Aug 18, 2023

Yes, I wanna know.

No, save it in game.

36 votes total



[STATUS UPDATE](#)

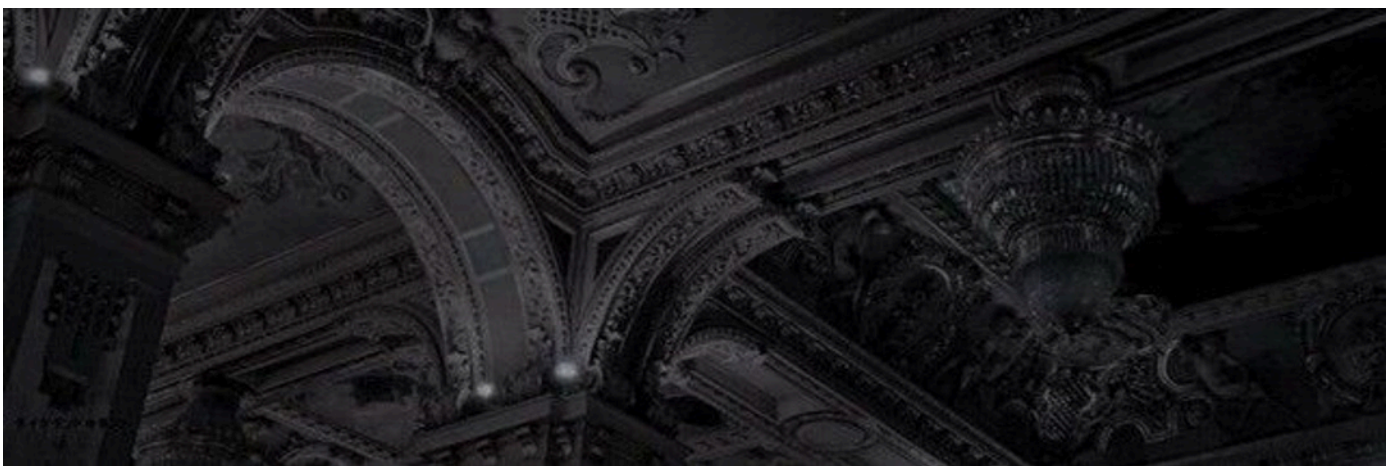
[Aug 22, 2023](#)

Hello Loves,

I am so sorry for the radio silence, recently I started college and had my first classes and have been getting used to everything. It's pretty jarring, but I've finally got a chance to work on TSTT and DsC, tho I have a lot of editing I need to work on, but still!

Since I'm here, you should give me stories ideas, facts, anything and everything you wanna know that I can't wont with the public!

Also sometime this or next week, I plan to post Dante's Backstory and Warden x Dante Smut!!



[THE DEMON'S BACKSTORY](#)

[Aug 24, 2023](#)



Long ago, before the common era, before the Age of the Gods, before the earth was fully made, Gods without names, without regions, with titles nor medals fought and bickered. Desperate to claim land in the heavens and lands in the underworld, and land upon earth. They fought themselves, the primordial, the titans, giants, and many other divine beings.

Once one fight ended, another began. These Gods could not agree on anything.

It was like this for many centuries, until a quiet goddess, one who no one knew, decided that they should create people and let them decide, servants that would help them decide who is best; and within seven days, the gods would show their creations and who had the best creation would rule the best.

The gods thought this an excellent idea and set off to create humans of their own kind. Some gods made their humans beautiful and lovers of the arts, but selfish at heart and loved violence.

The other gods made their humans strong and heroic but greedy and would rob and steal across the lands.

Then there were gods made their humans intelligent and poetic, yet bitter and unwilling to share outside themselves.

Then gods made their humans sweet and giving but jealous and vile to those beside themselves.

The Gods made their humans valiant and courageous but unable to see their own faults.

Other Gods made their humans talented in all things but vile to each other.

Then the Gods made them destined for greatness but cruel to others besides them.

Then several unique gods came together and made their humans virtuous and perfect, yet their own creations hated themselves.

The seven days came and went, and oh—how horrible the humans were. They cared not for the gods, but only for themselves. They were mean and jealous. Prideful, vain, and tried to break away from their gods. Unwilling to serve nor guide, yet that is a story for another day.

Still, the prideful and vain Gods could not accept this.

The Gods began to bicker amongst themselves once again. Blaming the other gods for how vile their creations were. Until one God, a god without name, spoke and said, *“Let them be. Let us forget and move on from them and spread out. Let us populate the earth in our own fashions. And let out horrible*

creations be forgotten.”

And the Gods for once agreed.

So, they broke down the earth into seven different continents and made them their home. Leaving the first humans to be forgotten in barren lands. Surrounded by mountains without grass, without water, without things of joy. Never to be taught, never to learn.

Dante—Though he had no name for the forgotten humans never deserved a name—was a child born of mud and sticks, from a goddess who fashioned him horribly with messy black hair that was never combed, his body covered in scars and deep gold eyes, a sign of his worthlessness. He was dirty and cruel, violent, and murderous, for that was all he knew how to be. That was how his entire village was: evil and mean. So, he was the same.

Dante spent his days as such, killing those who wronged him, for it mattered not to kill since these humans could not die, for they would return the next day. Centuries passed this way, with no other beings but them. There were no animals, no rain, only the heat of the sun and the barren desert. Yet he liked it this way. Until one day, he decided he wanted to find something just beyond the mountain that surrounded his village. He knows not what tempted him. Perhaps it was the idea of something new. Perhaps it was the feeling of something different, something sweet to eat. Sweet and different from the vile smells of the humans like him.

He did not know what he was looking for, nor did he pack, for he had no need to eat nor sleep. He knew that he could not leave the mountain pass because no God would wish to look upon him. For he and those like him were ugly, repulsive, and hidden away. However, Dante did not know that.

He travels for six days, early in the day and late at night. He does not sleep, and he does not eat. He dies several times, from wild monsters that are hideous and feast upon him. Yet it does not matter, for he will return as he was the next day. The journey is slow, and he is dying of boredom until he meets a Cherubim.

One who vows he can help the horrible boy, but only if he turns his eyes to God.

Dante says no.

He has no desire and decides to return to the village. And the Cherubim follows, desperate to pursue, desperate to appease his god in the pure white heavens. Again, the boy says no. The cherub does not stop, taking upon the form of different divine animals of God for the six days back.

The **first** day the cherub turned into a snake with glimmering gold scales, wrapping around Dante's form, trying to convince him that life with God was one of pure good and virtuous, still he denied. For he had no need for a virtuous life.

The **second** day the cherub turned into a lion, roaring loud and proud with a mane of gold, telling Dante that to turn from sin would mean that Dante would be courageous. Still, the human denied, for he had

no need for courage, for he had nothing to fear.

The **third** day, still not giving up hope, the cherub turned into an ox, using his horns of gold to make a path easy for the human, saying that if he prayed to God, life would be made easier. Dante, as he had done many times before, refused. For life was better difficult.

On the **fourth** day, the Cherub grows desperate. Turning into a tiger with dazzling gold eyes, swearing the through Dante's eyes, God would see through them. The cherub expects the human to deny, yet instead he sighs, calling the cherub's blue eyes far prettier than God's gold. That was the first time the violent human was kind.

The **fifth** day came and the Cherub for the first time was hesitant, taking upon the form of an eagle, flying above the human, and saying that his wings carried god's freedom. Dante sighs and motions around him, *"Why would I need freedom when I am already free. It is you who are not free."* The Cherub pauses yet says nothing.

The **sixth** day, the cherub does something he never thought to do before, he takes the form of a man. Coming before Dante with appearance of a young boy, with six piercing blue eyes that wrap around a silver metal-like band shift and float. He has dark, cool brown skin and smiling lips. He has wings instead of ears that hide most of his face, while the band for eyes encircles the entirety of his head. He has four large pure white wings, the upper pair that rest high up, as if creating a halo, while the lower pair hides much of his body. *"Don't you enjoy that more?"* This time the cherub does not get to ask a question, and for the first time he wonders, if the forgotten human is truly

Vile.

One the **sixth** day, Dante returns to his village as if nothing has changed. He has not changed, yet the Cherub has. And upon realizing his failure and love that slowly formed for the forgotten humans, the cherub sobs before Dante. Who only watches him, for he has never felt sorrow nor sadness, but comforts the cherub with a promise.

"If you ever need me--I will help you."

Though this does not stop the Cherub's tears, as he sobs harder, eventually the two must part, promising to always see each other again. And they kept to that promise, always meeting each other in the late night once a month when the moon was highest.

Yet this does not last long, for God comes to the cherub, for the cherub prayer and belief has slightly decreased. And horrified of this, the Cherub sobs gold tears and begs for forgiveness, though only God's confusion grows. The deity looks upon his face, into his blue eyes, and asks why the Cherubim sobs. For God has given all the Cherub could desire only in turn, the Cherub must always pray to him only. He cries and shamefully admits that the vile humans for tricked him and turning him away from God.

This angers God.

God, who is still unknown and lesser than the others, grows furious at the idea of forgotten humans tempting his precious cherub away from him. And as punishment, he turns them into demons of dogs for their disloyalty and forces them to be loyal to those that defeat them.

He bound bloodhounds to be forced to forever wail and cry within the fiery pits of hell.

Yet Dante—has no fear of hell.

No fear of the dark underworld and burns gladly, transforming into a bloodhound. He loses his ability to look human unless he steals a human's body, but that would be impossible, for he was punished for eternity. He spends centuries burning, forced into iron chains, and fetching those who try to run away until one day, an angel. A beautiful, beautiful man, known as "Lucien", comes and makes a pact with the demon hound. Unbothered by the flames, unaffected by the heat as he stands beautifully.

"I will free you. Let you roam the earth above, yet when I call for you—you must come and do as I save. A favor for a favor." This man was charming with smooth pale skin, ruby red eyes that sometimes looked black, and silky black hair with gorgeous black wings. Dante—who hates the fire—agrees.

Thus, he is the only bloodhound that has managed to be free from hell. And refuses to return.



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"HUMAN DESIRE"

Aug 26, 2023

THE DEMON X GN!READER | —K | SLIGHT FLUFF

DANTE R. | DESIRE AND LOVE



There is a fine line between hunger and desire.

Between lust and love. Between human and monster. A fine line that often gets blurred—swept away like dust, leaving anything and anyone to cross it blindly. *Dante knows this*. Constantly teetering on the edge between consuming all and burning all away or living like he should have lived. Or loving like he should have been loved. Yet that past to him as been long forgotten.

He watches you sleep, curled into the blankets of the bed, oblivious to the man—**demon**—that stands in your doorway, who stares with golden eyes and pressed together lips. He nears you, his steps soundless, used to masking his presence, even his incessant heat seems non-existent. He stops until he's right above you, leering over you, contemplating between the inner desire to pounce on you, sink his teeth into flesh—or—

His touch is warm and gentle, nails dragging along the back of your hand and along your wrist, traveling up your arm and leaving behind a trail of warmed skin. Perhaps it was better this way. He crouches beside your bed, listening to your slow and rhythmic heartbeat, listening to the sound of your blood that runs through your veins, the sounds of your lungs expanding and collapsing as air leaves your nose, and escapes slightly parted lips. You're so human. There is nothing about you that makes you so different, so unique, so you, besides this very fact. His hand cups your face, a face which is yours alone, one that no one has.

He leans forward, pressing his forehead against yours, closing his eyes. There is no one more **important**—*tasty—alluring—delicious—*than you. No God. No King. No Lord. **No Angel**. Nothing. His loyalty is yours and yours alone.

But.

His eyes open as he pulls away, tilting your head up slightly, his thumb grazing over your lips. What if he desired more? To cross that unspoken boundary that he's created. To consume you, ravage you completely. He opens his mouth, wide, revealing his glinting canines, saliva drips past his lips, and for a moment he thinks about it. What would your blood taste like? How would your flesh feel between his teeth? He pulls away, his mouth closing with a huff, gold eyes drifting across your face, before landing on your lips.

His thumb and index drag your bottom lip down. *Just a taste*. He silently reminds himself, leaning forward and slowly and gently pressing his lips against yours. Feeling his skin graze yours and your breath fan across his face, it's subtle. You don't move. And it lasts only for a moment.

He lets out an unneeded rush of air from his nose, dragging his hand and lips away and rising to his feet. He shoves his hands into his pockets, eyes drifting across your form, before flickering away as he blows out a puff of smoke, spinning on his heels. The door closes behind him, shutting and locking with a soft click.



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[TSTT: The Six Tales](#)

[Aug 28, 2023](#)

TSTT: The Six Tales, will be a collection of IF stories with our favorite characters, ranging from NSFW to SFW, with angst and fluff and will be regularly updated.

This will include scenarios, backstories, and characters that have not been introduced in TSTT.

But i need your help!

What type of scenarios you'll love to see!



[“ANGEL'S MELODY”](#)

[Aug 30, 2023](#)



"Songbird~"

She sings, practically twirling into her bedroom, her hands tenderly grabbing your shoulders and twirling you with her. The Angel's wings flutter, sending a subtle gust of sweet-smelling wind towards you. "Lyra." You match her tone with a soft grin, her smile widening, revealing her shark-like teeth. She adores it when you call her name, to her, it's a beautiful melody.

"I was looking all over for you!" She says with a playful pout, twirling in the air, using her wings to always keep her talons from the grassy floor. "I was here, waiting for you." You answer honestly, watching her wings flutter again, rotating her upside down, messy pastel blue hair hanging freely. She smiles, nonetheless. "Well! My darling human! I have written you a new song!" She speaks eagerly, keeping your hands in her own, entwining your fingers with hers.

She floats closer, staring with wide, hopeful eyes. "Would you like to hear!" She doesn't give you a chance to speak, letting you go as she zips across the room, almost knocking you off balance from the sudden gust of wind. The Angel flies to her bed, which is a wooden nest made of sticks, blankets, pillows, and plushies, located on the top of her bedroom tree, hidden between lush green leaves and winding branches. You can only see her outline and sharp talons.

You listen to your rummage through her belongings, before grabbing her instrument. "Sit! Sit!" She laughs with a wide grin, flying back to your side, and taking a seat in the lush green grass, sitting right beside you. You watch her blue freckled fingers gently pluck at the strings of her instrument. A hand-carved lyre, one that she received long ago. Her blue and yellow eyes flutter close, shoulders dropping, as she slowly begins to play the lyre.

Searching silently for a melody.

Her bedroom looks like a woodland meadow, and it's silent. Your hands press into the soft grass, listening silently as the melody grows, filling you with a sense of serenity. Lyra leans close, resting her head upon your shoulder, her soft and candied scent filling your senses.

And she begins to sing. In a language unfamiliar to you. Yet so *beautifully*. Her voice wraps around you like a soft breeze, gently squeezing at your form. Sweetly pressing kisses into your face, admiring and loving every feature. Loving every flaw, every portion she knew and didn't.

You slowly lean against her. Your eyes flutter close. You can hear her smile as she sings, leaning to where she sang freely in your ear. You feel sleep seep into your bones, and you fight back a yawn, earning a small giggle.

"Sleep well, My beautiful songbird~"



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[“ANNOYANCES”](#)

[Aug 31, 2023](#)

THE DEMON X GN!READER X THE WARDEN | 1.0K SUGGESTIVE | SPOILERS FOR CHAPTER SIX | LOTS OF JOKES



His warm hands settle on your waist, standing behind you, his body heat warming you from the naturally cold bedroom, that the two of you find yourself stuck in. He subtly massages your skin, gold eyes casually taking not of the entire room, before flickering his gaze back to you, he lets out a hum. Leaning close as he mutters your name, dragging his nose against the side of your face. His grip on your waist tightens, slightly tickling your skin as he pulls you close, making sure your back is pressed firmly against his chest. “Ugh. I wished he’d hurry up.” Dante mummurs against your skin, tickling your flesh, causing you to shy away and fidget under his touch.

“Don’t shy away from me.” Dante whispers against your skin, a hint of amusement in his tone. He presses a barrage of kisses against your face and skin, sending shivers down your spine. “I would prefer if you did not indulge in your **beastly whims** in my bedroom.” You practically jump out of your skin, not hearing the door nor steps, as the Warden appears. His voice cold and curt as always. Dante only looks over his shoulder, wrapping his arms comfortably around your waist.

“My *beastly whims*--” Dante snorts, propping his chin on the top of your head, watching the Warden walk further into the room, the heavy iron doors closing with a heavy echo. “And it’s your fault.” Dante adds, and the Warden only hums, his silent way of saying, ‘Continue.’ Dante playfully rolls his eyes at this, his

nails drawing shapes into your shirt, "If you let me and them--" he pinches you playfully, "be alone together. We wouldn't have to canoodle like this."

"Canoodle!" You repeat with a laugh, with the Warden rolls his eyes, using one hand to loosen the black tie around his neck, while the other removed his metal helmet, placing it upon a manikin head on top of his dresser. He lets out a huff of frosty air, blowing it upward and letting it crystallize into snow, before immediately melting due to Dante's heat. "Oh, someone is tired~" The demon teases, rocking on his heels, swaying your body with his. The Warden only sighs, using his index and thumb to pinch the bridge of his nose.

"You are getting on my nerves."

The Warden pulls his hands away, crossing his arms with a scowl. You take note that the black long-sleeve button-up shirt was tight against his form, and had no wrinkles, besides those produced when the fabric strained around his arms and chest, but tight around his stomach and waist. "You're staring." Dante whispers in your ear, and you snap your head to look at him over your shoulder. He has an amused glint and mischievous smile. "You **both** are getting on my nerves." He adds both, looking at you specifically. You take note of his face, sense he does well to keep it hidden beneath his knight's helmet. His face is clear, with zero blemishes, and he has deep brown skin, that looks almost black, with well-groomed brows, and icy blue eyes, that stand out.

"Stop staring." The Warden clicks his tongue, elegantly dragging his hand over his slicked back hair, laying down any invisible strands. "Don't be so grumpy. You're the one who wants us here." The demon muses, his hands sliding beneath your shirt, drumming his fingers against your skin.

"I need *them* here; you are just an unwanted tag-along." The Warden lets out another puff of frigid air, before staring you down, he waves his hand wordlessly, and Dante physically recoils, pain spreading through his palm and fingers, he hisses out in pain.

"What the fuck!" Dante shakes out his hands, more so for affect, than actual pain. The Warden only shrugs, "I told you to move your hands." He speaks bluntly, and you feel a smile form on your lips.

"No, the fuck you didn't."

The Warden pauses for a moment, before shrugging, "Thought I did." He turns his attention back to you, his index and middle leather gloved fingers pull up the ends of your shirt, having done this twice before, it's a process you're familiar with.

Unlike Dante, or any other subjects, The Warden falls into a category, as the forgotten, or void. One you could consider a fourth category amongst the many monsters and creatures to exist. Which means they also operate differently, "Do not move." The Warden's voice is firm, his cold palm pressing against the expansion of your abdomen. Beings tied to the Void, or the Forgotten, can only be bound once in their life, and must remain with the binder's bloodline, with their binding mark must be passed down,

generation to generation. If a bind is broken, it cannot be mended, and the Forgotten being will die.

“The binding has healed and is fading properly.” His voice snaps you from your thoughts. He stands close, before suddenly pulling away, moving back to his side of the room, “Aw, you were worried.” Dante is in your bubble again, tossing an arm over your shoulder.

“Would you have preferred I let their insides freeze, due to their father’s hastiness?”

“You were going to kill them--And it was badass.” Dante adds with a wink, and the Warden rolls his eyes. “You are lucky that your father is—*was* talented. Or else you would be dead.” The Warden sends you a pointed look, he seems slightly more relaxed than before.

“Of course, they are. They have me.” Dante cuts in, using his canines to bite your shoulder, earning a surprised sound from you. “Do you ever stop being a nuisance?” The Warden snaps, whatever relaxing feeling he had disappeared the moment Dante opened his mouth. He flicks the demon’s forehead, sending Dante head to snap back, causing black and red blood to gush upward like a fountain. Your eyes widen as Dante lets out a growl, you move to the side.

“You *mutt*, you are dirtying my floors.” The Warden hisses out, and Dante swings his head forward, the blood coming to a stop as the wound is repaired. “You fuckin’ caused it!” Your shoulders drop, any worry leaving you as the two bicker back and forth.

“Clean it.”

"I ain't cleaning shit!"

You can't help but laugh.



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[Sep 9, 2023](#)

✦ THE DEMON X THE WARDEN | GN!READER| 2.7K |

✦ NSFW | SLIGHTLY AGGRESSIVE | PAST RELATIONSHIPS | CAUGHT IN THE ACT |



“I think we need to have a serious conversation.”

The chains around the demon’s wrists rattle ever so slightly as he moves and speaks. Forced to sit criss-cross on the hard dirt ground, while his gold eyes watch the Warden with bored amusement, watching him pace and move across the temporary camp. “If it is about your *pet*, I have no interest in listening.” The Warden speaks clearly beneath his iron helmet, pale blue eyes scanning across the barren grasslands.

“Sounds to me like jealousy.” Dante speaks with an amused tone, watching the Warden spin on his heel, staring in cold silence before stepping towards the demon, biting the fingertips of his leather gloves and pulling them off his right hand, revealing blacken fingertips and palms, the black stain having crept along his entire hand and disappeared beneath his long sleeves.

“I *truly*—” the Warden grits his teeth, painfully grabbing Dante’s face, towering over him as the demon topples onto his back, the Warden’s fingers and thumb digging into the side of Dante’s face, his palm pressing firmly over the demon’s mouth, a puff of frosty air leaving his lips. Dante let out a hot breath through his nose, still looking quite amused. “—Despise you...”

Dante rolls his eyes at that, easily uncrossing his legs and quickly shifting his weight onto his upper back, using the ground to brace him as he lifts his hips and in one fluid motion interlocked his legs around the Warden’s neck, who remains unfazed, letting out a mere huff, as Dante tightened his thighs around his head, breaking his head away from the Warden’s cold palm. “Brings back old times—” his words are cut off, as the Warden stands to his full height, lifting Dante easily, earning a surprised laugh, before slamming the demon onto the ground, breaking out of his grip. Dante lands on his back with a thud, head slamming into the ground with a groan and hiss, black smoke slipping past his lips. The demon quickly flips over onto his hands and knees, attempting to take the opportunity to fight back, but the Warden is faster. Grabbing the heavy, rattling iron chains, wrapping them once around his hands, then pulling them tightly around Dante’s throat, choking him. “Shit—” Dante lets out a raspy gasp, his bare feet digging into the ground, unable to break out of the Warden’s grip.

“Brings back old times, how comedic. Bloodhounds do not really change now, do they?” The Warden

whispers into the shell of Dante's ear, not giving him a chance to speak, tightening the chain and earning a pained choke.

"You're...so...obsessed."

Speaking between choked breaths, the Warden releases his hold, letting the demon breathe, the chains dropping from his hands. Dante chuckles, rolling onto his back, smirking up at the Warden as he steps away. "Where you going, it was getting fun," Dante teases as he sits up, his hand gently cupping his bruised neck, using his heat to quickly heal the bruised skin. Yet the Warden doesn't respond to his teasing. Taking off his other glove and removing his thick black coat, haphazardly dropping it on a metal stool, he rolls up the ends of his black sleeves, and uses his index finger to pull his black tie loose, letting it drop. His inky black hands remove his polished iron helmet, letting it drop to the ground with a heavy thud, cracking the harden earth. He's scowling deeply and blows out a puff of frost that melts away.

"Removing your helmet for lil' ol me. I'm flattered." Dante muses with a grin, and the Warden doesn't react. His face is clear, with zero blemishes, and he has deep brown skin that looks almost black, with well-groomed brows, and pale blue eyes. "I am acting more for me than you." The Warden keeps his neutral expression, dragging his hand over his slicked back hair, laying down any invisible black strands.

"Flip over." His words are absolute and Dante's smile falters for a moment, before returning, opening his lips to crack another joke. Yet the Warden speaks first. "Flip over before I make you flip over." Dante's smile falls completely, the chains on his wrist bumping against each other as he moves, going on all fours.

"It seems like you can still listen. I would hate to have to *train*—" Dante growls at the word, and the Warden ignores him, "—you again." The Warden lets out a puff of frosted air, his polished dress shoes kicking the inner sides of Dante's knees, spreading them further apart. He doesn't stop walking until his right beside Dante's head. He crouches, gripping the roots of Dante's hair, forcing his head up. The demon hisses out in pain and glares but doesn't speak. The Warden doesn't look at him, but points outward, towards the line of forest trees. "Your pet walked that way..." There's a hint a cold amusement in the Warden's tone, icy blue eyes drifting to the demon.

"If I made you shout, do you think they would hear and return?" The Warden tightens his grip, earning a low groan, watching Dante's eyes squeeze close before fluttering open. "That's far more embarrassing for you than me." Dante's sly smile returns and the Warden exhales through his nose, dropping Dante's head and rising to stand

"Then you will have to be quiet. You know I hate being *embarrassed*." A blatant lie, Warden doesn't feel embarrassment, shame, anything a human or anything a normal creature or even a monster would feel. Those feelings are void. *Non-existent*. The tips of his icy fingers graze along the elastic band of Dante's sweatpants, sending tingly shivers down the demon's spine. Ice creeps along his back and clothing but

melts just as quickly, wetting his skin.

“You’re wetting my shirt.” Dante grumbles, looking over his shoulder as his hands press into the dirt ground. The Warden ignores him, sliding his grey sweatpants and black boxers down, resting them on his thighs. Dante visibly doesn’t react, but his body does. His hard cock twitching at the sudden mixture of cold and hot air. He tries not to react, merely dropping his head and letting out a puff of black smoke.

“Do you remember when you had a tail?” The Warden’s finger grazes over Dante’s tailbone. Dante’s head pops up, his eyes widened and jaw dropping, looking absolutely horrified at the mention.

“Hurry up and fuck me. Not worry about my nonexistent *tail*.” Dante hisses the word, and the Warden rolls his eyes, resting on the toe of his shoes. “I enjoyed grabbing it. Though it has been some centuries.” This time, Dante rolls his eyes, switching his position to rest on his forearms instead of his hands.

“Of course, you did—” He chokes on his words, feeling the Warden’s ice-cold finger push into his hole, his body jolting, as he snaps his head back. Warden watches with low interest, watching Dante’s entrance desperately take him. “You are warm.” The Warden speaks in a monotone voice. Dante grits his teeth, resting his face against the back of his hands, letting out a shaky breath. His cock twitches again, his pre slowly dripping onto the ground.

“Imagine if they came back.” The Warden’s voice is a low whisper, one that sends shivers down Dante’s spine and forces him to close his eyes, not wanting to think about it—to think about you. Not like this at least, not while you’re not here to see—He clenches around Warden’s finger, letting out a groan, earning a hum from the man behind him.

“I think you yearn for them.” The Warden slowly pumps his finger, icy blue eyes trailing up the demon’s scarred back. His black messy hair in a long, ruined braid that slid over his shoulder, shaking every time the demon’s body shuddered, as he gritted his teeth as his hips subconsciously rocked. “Then again, is it merely a thought when I know I am correct?” The Warden slides in another finger, slowly scissoring his index and middle.

“Being bound to them, adds another layer of,” The Warden adds a third finger, watching Dante’s back arch, sucking in a breath and biting back a moan, “What was it—*Desire*.” Dante lets out a shuddered sigh at Warden’s ministrations and taunting.

“You know their dreams. Their fantasizes, what keeps them up, what relaxes them—Sex dreams are not uncommon when two are bonded together.” Warden’s fingers graze along his sweet spot. Another choked groan leaves the demon’s mouth, black saliva drips past Dante’s lips, his head rolling to the side, glaring at the Warden, who looks amused...entertained...curious?

He is right. The binding to someone, having a mark upon your skin that ties you two together, is more than just a mark. It binds your souls, your mind, your everything. His sins are yours and yours are his. A

part of him is glad that you're not here. He doesn't want you to see him like this. To see him give into the hierarchy that exists not only within his mind but body.

The Warden is stronger than him.

"You are quite sensitive," The Warden draws out his fingers. They're slightly wet. He stares for a moment, before humming to himself, "Then again, this is not about your pleasure." He undoes his silver belt buckle with one hand and unzips his dress pants, revealing his strained bulge against his black briefs. The demon shifts his position, resting on his palms.

"I never thought you'd be the one to break first?" Dante's voice is somewhat soft, resting his head against the back of his hands. This scene is not unfamiliar to him, though it has been many years—decades—centuries; a portion of Dante's body still yearns for him.

He's not sure if he's ever stopped truly yearning.

"There was never competition." The Warden doesn't pause his movements, dragging his thumb along his leaking tip. "I don't mean in that sense—I mean—It's different." Dante shudders, feeling the Warden's cold hand travel up his spine, resting in the middle of his back.

"When has something ever remained stagnant?" The Warden responds, his focus split between Dante and the human, the demon and he is bound to. The Warden moves closer, leaning over Dante. "Nothi—" The demon chokes on his words, feeling the Warden's cock press against his hole, smearing his cold pre against his skin.

"Do not move."

The Warden's words are firm. Gradually sliding his cock inside, Dante lets out a hot hiss, nails digging into the ground. "Shit." Dante lets out a hot puff of smoke, his legs shuddering, becoming consciously aware of the Warden's cold weight, and chilly hands that slid against his bare skin. The Warden pushes himself deeper, feeling Dante's tighten, coaxing out a groan from the man in all black. "I didnt expect a reaction." Dante glances over his shoulder, with a wobbling grin. The Warden's eyes widen a fraction, opening his mouth to speak, only for Dante to push back, causing the Warden to choke on his words, his eyes fluttering to the side. His head dropping and resting on Dante's shoulder.

"My attention is.... *Divided*." The Warden breathes deeply, mumbling under his breath. The shadows between the two flutters, drawing Dante's gaze. A surge of ice-cold air envelopes the two. Dante lets out a loud yelp that's quickly covered. The Warden's hand clamping over Dante's lips as he slowly rocks his hips. The shadow fidgets again and the Warden clears his throat.

"Their safety is important, make sure that Erza does not do anything—" The Warden shifts his position, resting on his knees and hovering over Dante, wrapping his hand around Dante's thick braid, earning a muffled whine from the demon, who burrows his face into the Warden's palm. "—Stupid." Frosted air

slips past the Warden's lips, snapping his hips forward. Dante's body jolts, while his head is forced back. His nails dig into the Warden's skin, desperately trying to keep his balance.

"Let me speak to them." The Warden speaks calmly, slowly thrusting his hips, earning muffled whines from the demon, who rolls his head back, shaking his head as blackened saliva drips past the man in black's fingertips.

"Yes?"

Your voice is clear as day, speaking through the shadows as if it was a simple phone call. Dante physically shakes, pupils blown at the sound of your voice. "How is exploration?"

"It's.... Okay.... How's Dante—" The demon groans at the sound of your voice, the Warden acting quickly, moves his hand from his mouth, shoving Dante's face into the ground, earning a choked yelp. "Is everything alright?" You ask hesitantly. The Warden rolls his eyes, before the slyest smile rolls across his face.

"You should ask him." The Warden tightens his grip on Dante's hair, earning a pained hiss.

"Dante? Are you okay?" The Warden tightens his grip, "*fuck—fine!*" Dante's body shudders, "I'm fine—how's—how's exploring the outside—" Dante chokes on his words, rocking his body back and forward, reveling in the feeling of the Warden's cold cock grazing along his walls, nudging against his most sensitive spot.

"It's okay. It's different from what I imagined...." Your voice falters, and Dante whines, "Don't stop—" He presses his head against the ground, black saliva dripping past his lips, his palms pressing into the dirt.

"I'm—don't stop speaking—" He feels a coil tighten in the deepest pit of his stomach.

There's silence for a moment before you speak, a surge of heat washing over the two, Dante's body heat rising, the Warden's grip tightening, gritting his teeth. "Say my name." Dante rolls his head to the side, his voice desperate, rocking along with his and the Warden's movements. "*Please—*"

"Dante, we're on our way back—I'm slightly worried." Dante mumbles a soft '*come back*', saliva dripping past his canines, landing on the dirt. "He's fine—" The Warden's voice falters, your voice inaudible, only loud enough for the warden to hear. The shadow beneath them shakes once again before becoming still. Dante reaches back, grabbing onto the Warden's forearm, nails breaking the Warden's skin, violet-colored blood seeping past his fingertips.

"**Endymion**—I might—" Dante lets out a muffled groan, body jolting forward. The Warden doesn't outwardly react, merely leaning forward, pressing his chest fully against Dante's back. Untangling his hand from the demon's ruined braid and wrapping his arm securely around Dante's waist.

“You have not called me that in so long.” The Warden mummurs softly, resting his forehead against the back of Dante’s shoulder. “I partially believed that you forgot it.” A hard thrust follows. Dante lets out a loud yelp, nails clawing into the ground.

"I hadn't—names hold—they hold power." Dante chokes on his words, feeling the Warden's grip tighten.

"You don't want them to know me by it..."

Through glazed over eyes, and saliva covered lips, the demon has a subtle grin that's quickly wiped away with a violent thrust that sends him from his hands to his forearms.

“You simply wish to keep them to yourself—” The Warden—**Endymion** thrusts again, forcing Dante to remain on his knees and forearms, to take all the void creature was willing to give. Giving the demon no chance to respond beside jumbled words and short groans and yelps.

“You have always been so selfish.” Endymion bites back a surprised groan, pulling away from Dante, feeling his cock twitch painfully as he cums, pumping Dante full, before gliding his limp cock out. Watching with blank icy eyes as cum drips out, watching the demon desperately trying to regain his breath. He doesn’t let the demon cum, watching his legs and arms shake. Dante rests his head against the ground, staring with dazed out eyes, his hands reaching back and wrapping around his cock, hands flinching as his cock twitches painfully. He lets out a hot breath, smearing a glob of his pre along his head.

The Warden stands, fixing his clothing as if nothing happened, easily retrieving his helmet and placing it back over his head, hiding his face. "You returned faster than expected." The Warden speaks nonchalantly, and the demon freezes. He says not a word when you make eye contact. He breathes deeply and gold eyes widen in shock. The demon freezes in place.

Dante breathlessly calls your name.

It's up to you how you'll react.



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STATUS UPDATE

Sep 13, 2023

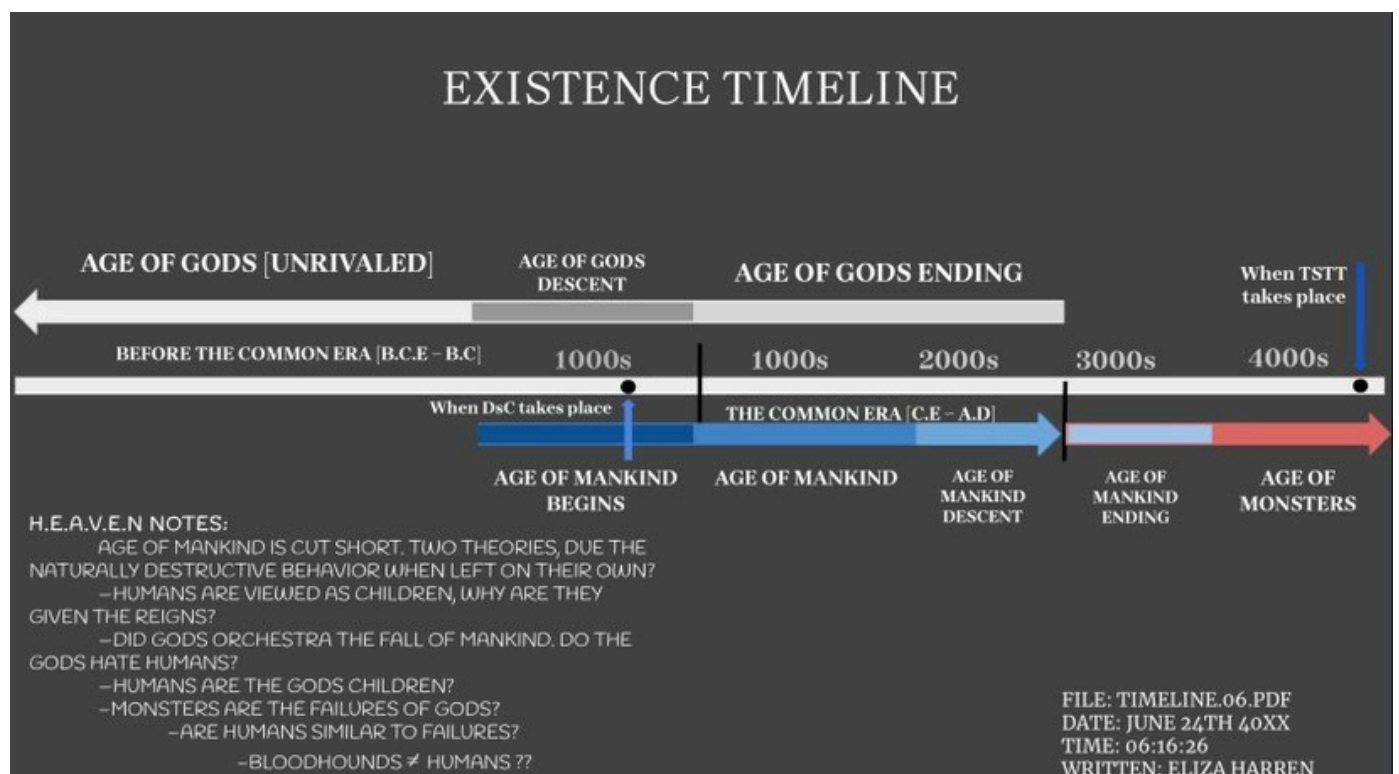
Darlings! It is a fantastic day! I have officially finished fixing all the fucked coding and added a few extra things! So I can now officially say. Chapter Five is in production.

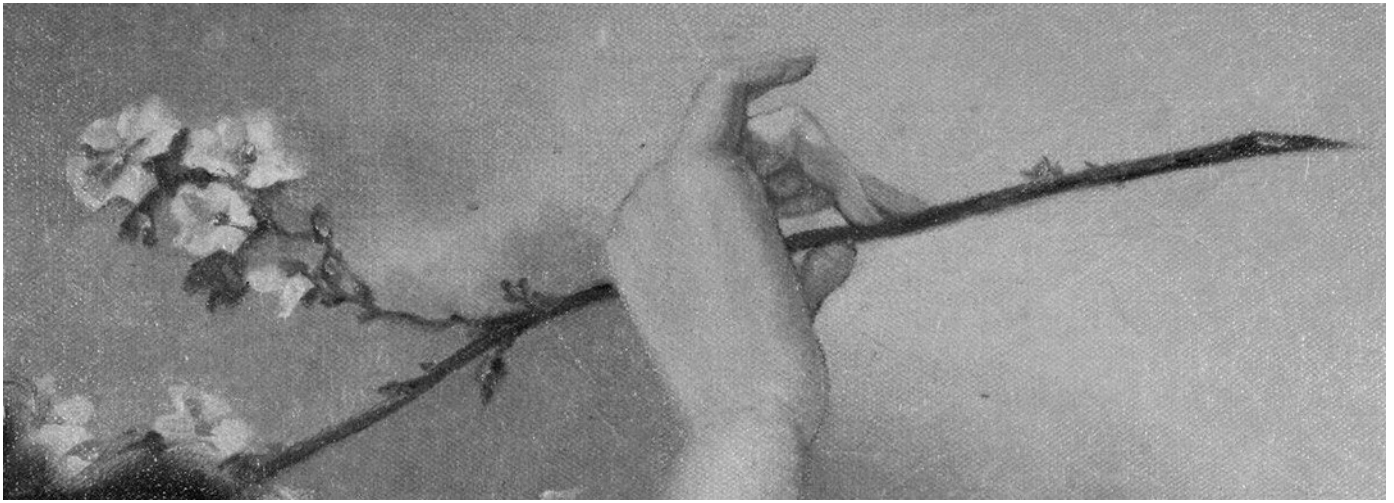
Still have not gotten to the grammatical errors, I will one of these days.



TIMELINES

Sep 28, 2023





TSTT - CHAPTER FIVE: ACT ONE PREVIEW

Oct 11, 2023

◆ CHAPTER FIVE: ACT ONE PREVIEW ◆



- Word Count: 72K ~ Plus 14K Words
- Lastest Update: Oct 11th, 2023

NEW THINGS ADDED

New Stats

New Backstory Information

FINALLY! LORDS, I FEEL SO BAD FOR TAKING FOREVER. But I swear I'm going to set up a schedule so that I at least post once a week, cause I feel horrible about just going silent. Anyways! Thank you all so much for your support and I wrote like a lot for Act One, and so I'm hoping that the rest of the acts go really well. I'm really excited to finally write Act Two!

As always, you should automatically get a role to see the Patreon part of the server, if you don't, just message me and if you don't have a Discord, I can always email you a file!

ANNOUNCEMENT

Oct 17, 2023

Heyyy Babes, I have some good and not so good news. Ya girl is sick. ill. Sadly, which is upsetting cause I planned to post a fic tmrw with the dragon. Hopefully I can will myself better, but who's to say since I do have class. But yeaaaaaaa. That's all, I'm sorry, I'm trying to start a posting schedule every Wednesday and this is not helping me!



[“PERHAPS”](#)

[Oct 18, 2023](#)

THE DRAGON X GN!READER | 0.8K | SFW
| FLUFF |



The halls of H.E.A.V.E.N are cold, smooth tiles grazing against the bareness of your feet, while fingertips use the wall as a guide, leading you further into the dimly lit facility. A thin cotton blanket rests over your shoulders, while you use the flashlight of your phone to light your way. You curse under your breath, all the halls of H.E.A.V.E.N were identical to the next, which only furthered your confusion as you tried to find your way back to your bedroom, which the Warden refused to help you, saying he was tired. Void beings don't sleep. You let out a hot huff of air, continuing your aimless walking.

“No demon and no Warden.”

The gentle lull of a deep feminine voice catches your attention, mixed with the jingling of many chains and jews. Silent and invisible steps become audible, followed by the dragging of scales. You turn, keeping your flashlight downward, before ultimately turning it off, taking in the outline of a woman, and the soft white glow of her arm and leg tattoos. Your shoulders drop, relaxation consuming you. “Isra...” You call her name, and she hums, stepping closer. Your eyes drag over her face, taking in her midnight black skin and black eyes, and the black intricate along the expansion of her forehead. “By the way you dressed, you have gotten lost.” Her voice holds the faintest of amusement, her glinting fangs slipping past her lips, drawing your attention away from her midnight blue horns, which are similar to an argali goat horn.

"It wasn't on purpose." You flicker your eyes away, taking in her entire form, she's dressed in a simple transparent black body dress with solid black covering her breast and private areas, yet leaves the full view of her deep blue scales along the side of her neck, her collar bone, shoulders, outer thighs, and patches of scales along her forearm and below the knee. "Of course," She lets out an elegant laugh, holding out her arm for you, silently telling you to take it. And you do. Wrapping your arm around hers, walking side by side. She leads through the dark halls, "It is odd to find you without the hound. And he is not with you, the Warden is not far behind."

"I'm always with them..." You say almost embarrassed, but Isra shows no immediate reaction, "That you are. There is nothing wrong with being those that make you comfortable." She adds, her grip loose, always letting you have a semblance of control.

"Do I still make you uncomfortable?" She pauses, turning to look at you, she thinks for a moment, "A bit. Though that is expected. Your bond with the Warden has eased my worries a fair bit." She speaks honestly and softly, and you can't help but nod in understanding, thinking it best to not ask any more questions.

Silence falls over you both.

"He is asking to switch."

Isra breaks the silence, and you look at her for a long moment. She turns her head to look at you and gives an invisible laugh. "You may deny. He can be overwhelming." When you don't answer immediately, she lets out a breathless laugh, "Another time." Her answer is final, turning her gaze forward.

"Does he ask often?"

"Yes. Though he does not ask in earnest, so I simply ignore." Her face replicates a somewhat smile, as she looks at you, gently dragging her spike tail long, careful to not nick your skin. "That has to get annoying at times." She hums at this. You both continue in your walk, and she guides you all the way back to the titanium doors of your bedroom, she slows her stride to a stop. She slides her arm from yours, taking your hand in her own. With your back facing the door, facing the dragon. She has a neutral look on her face, her posture relaxed. "Tha—" She places a single ring-covered finger over her lips. And you fall silent. "Perhaps—" Her hand leaves your palm, nails grazing along your arm, until she reaches your shoulders sending a shiver down your spine. She steps closer. She opens her lips to say more but pulls away as the doors to your bedroom slide open quickly and roughly which makes you jump.

"I should've known it was you, lizard breath." Dante stands in the doorway, while the Warden stands in the back, leaning against the wall. "Oh." Isra muses playfully, "I was merely helping." With a hint of mischief, Dante blows out a black puff of smoke. Isra turns her gaze to you, "sleep well. *I do hope to catch you alone again.*"

And with that, the dragon leaves.

EXTRA

Dante: *"I do hope to catch you alone. Absolutely not. You are on house arrest."*

MC: "You can't put me on house arrest."

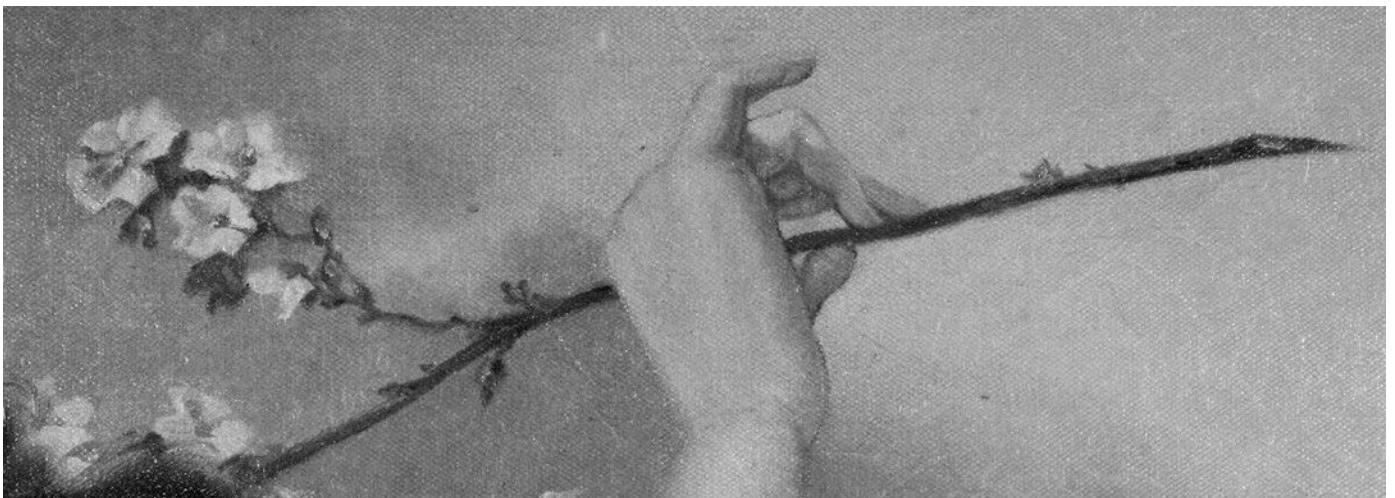
Dante: "Warden, put them on house arrest. Hanging around the overgrown lizard. ew."

Warden: "You're simply upset that she beat you last time."

MC: "Pfft"

Dante: "No—I let them. There's a difference."

Warden and MC share a look: "Right...."



["MAKE A WISH" DEMO](#)

[Oct 22, 2023](#)

HAREM ROUTE X GN!READER

UNEDITED | FLUFF | —K |

A.N. Wrote this very last minute, and I'll edit and add more but this came off the top of my head. I want to write more of the different dynamics and different pairings, I added more : D, which I'll get more into??



The demon nudges his head, a sly smile across his lips. Gold eyes flickering from you, to the the large open window. Wordlessly suggesting that the both of you break a rule. A rule set by the Warden, one that meant neither of you were allowed to leave the facility. Yet here Dante was, disregarding it with a tempting smile. You open your lips to speak, whether to disagree or voice utter enthusiasm, yet he doesn't let you. His warm hand clamping over your lips. Leaning in close, consuming you completely in his warm and rustic scent, "just come with me." He breath fans against the shell of your ear, sending a shiver down you spine. Which he notes with a throaty laugh, slowly pulling his hand from over your mouth and pressing his palm on your shoulder.

He pulls you in close, before taking a set back, dragging you with him.

"You couldn't possibly be doing what I think you're doing?" The Warden makes you both freeze, Dante rolling his eyes out of faux annoyance, while the Warden steps from the shadows, staring between you both with a bored expression. "Just taking a stroll." Dante answers smugly, switching his hold from your shoulders to your waist, and the Warden lets out an huff, opening his mouth to speak before an amused cough comes from behind him.

"I would quite enjoy a walk." The dragon steps from the shadow with a relaxed, invisible smile. Which Dante rolls his eyes at, and the Warden presses his lips together, while she turns her gaze to you. "It is good to see you." She nods her head as to greet you, hands folded together, the movement causing the soft jingling of her waist beads and necklaces. Dante tightens his hold, practically leaning all his weight on you. "This was just a moment between us—"

"OH! OH! I WANNA GO TOO!"

The dragon hums at the excited voice, tilting her head to the side as a rush of air blows past, and a happy woman latches onto you with incredible strength, wings fluttering and pastel blue hair wildly in your face. Dante lets out another groan, practically forced back, by the Angel's large wings and floating stature. "Songbird~ I haven't seen you in foreveerrr!" She giggles, talons scratching the ground as she hands on her feet, while blue freckled hands cup your face.

The Warden shows no reaction, while Dante crosses his arms, when it comes to the Angel, he easily takes up your face leaving him no room. A battle he's lost before and rather not lose his arms due to her strength and jealousy. While the Dragon watches amused.

"Here you all go." Dante rolls his eyes and the Warden sighs, crossing his arms and moving to the side, revealing a nervous looking armadillo, who's looks shocked that he was noticed, his large white freckled hands messing with the large golden bull nose ring, while blowing back a peice of thick dark brown

curled hair, trying to get it out his face. "I was following Angel." He points to the energetic harpy, who only giggles, pressing her blue freckled cheek against yours.

"And I was following Dragon, duh!"

Eyes to the dragon, who raises her brows, midnight blue scales shimmering as she fixes her long nails. Without looking she points to the Warden, "And I was following Warden."

The Warden lets out a cold sigh, not acknowledging the usage of his name, turning to look at the Demon. "I was alerted of these two." Your jaw opens as you defend yourself and the demon merely sighs.

"For good reason."

Without another word, Dante moves to the window and effortlessly jumps out. A few glances are shared, and the Angel, curious as always, follows. Slipping out the window, and with a gust, flies downward. The Dragon moves to your side, gently taking your hand and pulling you along. "I am by far the safest option." She whispers, and you both glance behind you, watching the Warden, grab the Armadillo and disappear into the shadows. You both wince at the blow of ice cold air.

The Dragon steps onto the windowsill first, and stepping back, pulling you with her, forcing you to land into her, pressing your face onto her chest, as her arms hold you gently as you both fall and land on grassy ground. Dragon landing on her back and you on top, hands resting on your hips. You push from her, hands and legs on either side of her body, but she isn't looking at you, but at the sky and you follow.

There's a shower of stars.

You slowly rise to your feet, helping the dragon to hers. The Dragon sits in the tallest part of a large oak tree, wings tucked and arms wrapped around her legs, staring wide eyed at the sky. While the Warden leans standing against the base of the tree, arms and legs crossed, yet his eyes closed but flutter open when he feels you staring. He watches for a moment, shoulders subtly relaxing before he turns his gaze away. You shift to Armadillo, who sits at Warden's leg, staring at the sky with his legs spread, while his hands pick and pull at the lush grass.

You blink, a smile resting on your lips, before eyes search for dragon, who's sitting on the hill edge, watching you instead of the stars, sending you a subtle smile, when you lock eyes. Still, your gaze keeps moving until it stops on Dante, who's laying on the grass, arms cross behind his head, just staring at the sky.

You let out a soft exhale of air, feeling the cool wind against your skin and the soft rustling of grass.... This is your life.



[“MAKE A WISH” FULL VER.](#)

[Oct 25, 2023](#)

HAREM ROUTE X GN!READER

| INCLS. DEMON, ANGEL, DRAGON, ARMADILLO, WARDEN |

FULL VERSION | LIFE | FLUFF | 1.5K

The demon nudges his head to the side, a sly smile across his lips. Gold eyes flickering from you, then to the large open window, allowing the soft light of the moon. Wordlessly suggesting that the both of you break a rule. A rule set by the Warden, one that meant neither of you were allowed to leave the facility. Yet here Dante was, disregarding it with a very tempting smile. You open your lips to speak, whether to disagree or voice utter enthusiasm, yet he doesn't let you. His warm hand clamping over your lips. Leaning in close, consuming you completely in his warm and rustic scent, "just come with me." He breathes fans against the shell of your ear, sending a shiver down your spine. Which he notes with a throaty laugh, slowly pulling his hand from over your mouth and pressing his palm on your shoulder.

He pulls you in close, before taking a step back, dragging you with him.

"You could not possibly be doing what I told you not to do?" The Warden makes you both freeze, Dante rolling his eyes out of faux annoyance, while the Warden steps from the shadows, staring between you both with a bored expression. "Just taking a stroll." Dante answers smugly, switching his hold from your shoulders to your waist, and the Warden lets out a sigh.

"I do believe you," he gives you a pointed look, "both should be in your bedrooms." You open your mouth to defend yourself, but Dante waves him off giving you no chance to speak. "Who sleeps anyway?" The Warden's icy blue eyes land on you, then back on the demon, letting out a wave of frosted air from his lips. After a moment of prolonged silence, the Warden opens his mouth, before an amused cough and the soft jingling of bells come from behind him.

"I feel that many enjoy sleep." The dragon steps from the shadow with a relaxed, invisible smile. Dante rolls his eyes, a stream of smoke leaving his nostrils. "Perhaps you enjoy sleep far too much." The Warden rebuttals, moving to lean against the wall, while the dragon, who doesn't bother to turn her head, only side eyeing him with a sly smile.

"Perhaps." A hint of amusement She turns her gaze to you, "It is good to see you." She nods her head in a sort of bow, greeting only you in such a way, elegant hands folded together, the movement causing the soft jingling of her waist beads and necklaces. Dante tightens his hold, practically leaning all his weight on you, giving you no chance to greet her.

"They are not happy to see you." A blatant lie, which the dragon gives into with a simple stare, "How sad that makes me." She subtly teases.

"That is not—" You try and say, yet Dante drops all of his weight, forcing you to bend yourself over with a groan, blatantly ignoring your struggle as your legs wobble, which Warden lets out an amused breath through his nose and the dragon one watches with entertained eyes.

"This was just a moment between us—"

"OH! OH! I WANNA GO TOO! I LIKE WALKS!"

The Demon lets out a groan, rolling his head to the side in defeat. Dropping his cheek against your shoulder.

The dragon hums at the loud excited voice, barely tilting her head to the side as a rush of air blows past with a moving blur, and a happy woman latches onto you with incredible strength, earning a pained groan as your arms are stuck to your side. Her large blue tipped white wings fluttering excitedly, while her pastel blue hair is in your face. Dante lets out another groan, louder this time, forced back by the Angel's large wings and floating stature. "Songbird~ I haven't seen you in foreverrrr!" She giggles, unnoticed of the demon nor his scowling, her talons scratching the ground as she lands on her clawed feet, while blue freckled hands cup your face.

The Warden shows no reaction, used to her lively behavior, while Dante crosses his arms, when it comes to the Angel, who easily takes up your space leaving him no room. A battle he's lost before and rather not lose his arms again due to her strength and jealousy. While the Dragon watches amused.

"Here you all go." Dante rolls his eyes and the Warden sighs, crossing his arms and swiping his index and middle fingers in a smooth sweeping motion, drawing back the darkness of the hall, revealing a nervous looking armadillo, who's looks shocked that he's been noticed, his large brown and white freckled hands messing with the large golden bull nose ring, shifting its position out of nervous habit, while blowing back a piece of thick dark brown curled hair, trying to get it out his face. "I was following Lyra." He points to the energetic harpy, immediately trying to pass off the blame, his nervous gaze shifting between Warden and the others. Purposely dodging you completely. The angel takes no

offense, only giggles, pressing her blue freckled cheek against yours.

"And I was following Isra, duh~!"

Eyes move to the dragon, who raises her brows, midnight blue scales shimmering as she fixes her long nails, casually swiping her spiked lizard's tail across the ground. Without looking she points to the Warden, "And I was following Endymion. Which by no means was hard to do."

The Warden lets out a cold sigh, not acknowledging the usage of his name nor the not-so-subtle hit to his "hiding" skills. He turns to look at the Demon. "I was alerted to these two." Your jaw opens as you defend yourself and the demon merely sighs.

"For good reason."

This earns everyone's attention, and Dante lets out another groan, ranting under his breath. Waving his hand for everyone to follow him.

Without another word, Dante moves to the window and effortlessly jumps out. A few glances are shared, and Lyra, curious as always, follows with a shark-tooth grin. Slipping out the window, and with a gust, flies downward.

Isra moves to your side, gently taking your hand and pulling you along. "I am by far the safest option." She whispers, and you both glance behind you, watching the Warden grab Argon, the Armadillo, who can barely put up a fight and disappear into the shadows. You both wince at the rush of ice-cold air.

Isra steps onto the windowsill first, facing you, and steps back, pulling you with her, forcing you to land into her, pressing your face onto her chest, as her arms hold you gently as you both fall and land on grassy ground. Isra landing on her back with a soft thud and you on top, hands resting on your hips. You push from her, hands and legs on either side of her body, but she isn't looking at you, but at the sky and you follow.

There's a shower of shooting stars.

You slowly rise to your feet, helping Isra to hers. Dante lets out a heavy exhale, releasing a bellow of gray smoke. "I haven't seen a meteor shower in so damn long." He looks at the sky, walking down the grassy hill blindly.

"When I was young, I learned that shooting stars were dead gods returning to the ground to be reborn." Argon softly speaks, and Lyra laughs at that.

"That's so silly!"

Argon shoots the Angel a glare, which she clearly doesn't see. "Shooting stars were believed to be

souls or gods of different words.” Isra speaks softly, a hint of ache in her words.

“So just what the Armadillo said. You gotta be creative.” Dante teases with a grin, and the dragon rolls her eyes.

“I think they are just stars.” Lyra says, “Why be anything else.” She shrugs, sitting in the tallest part of a large oak tree, wings tucked, and arms wrapped around her legs, staring wide eyed at the sky, and the Warden speaks with sigh.

“Meteors. They are simply meteors. Nothing more,” the Warden leans standing against the base of the tree, arms and legs crossed, yet he's eyes closed but flutter open when he feels you staring. He watches for a moment, “—Nothing more. Nothing less.” His shoulders subtly relax before he turns his gaze away.

“You make it sound depressing.” Argon adds, sitting at Warden's leg, staring at the sky with his legs spread, while his hands pick and pull at the lush grass. A subconscious act.

“Life is depressing.”

You blink, “If you allow it to be.” You turn your gaze to Isra, who speaks with a soft shrug, basking in the dark coolness. She's sitting on the hill edge, watching you instead of the stars, sending you a subtle smile, when you lock eyes.

Your gaze keeps moving until it stops on Dante, who's laying on the grass, arms crossed behind his head, just staring at the sky. “Life is whatever you make it.” You speak softly under your breath.

You let out a soft exhale of air, feeling the cool wind against your skin and the soft rustling of grass....

This is your life.

[GREAT NEWS!!](#)

[Oct 26, 2023](#)

I have begun the process of getting Dante an official character art!



[CHAPTER FIVE RELEASE DATES](#)

[Nov 4, 2023](#)

It's been so long since I last updated!! I'm sooo happy to finally post and share chapter five cause I've been so happy and Excited. Literally running laps! Especially with the new character introduction! Be ready for Monday 🥹.

Early Release - Three Weeks

November 6th

| The [REDACTED]'s Holy Light Tier

Early Release - Two Weeks

November 13th

| The Warden's Endless Tier
The Armadillo's Lovebug Tier

Early Release - One Week

November 20th

| The Dragon's Treasure Tier
The Angel's Songbird Tier

Public Release - November 27th



[CHAPTER FIVE EARLY RELEASE](#)

[Nov 12, 2023](#)

TODAY IS THE DAY, AND I AM SO EXCITED! ESPECIALLY FOR MY HIGHEST TIER, I ADORE YOU SO MUCH! AH! ANYWAY ~ ENJOY CHAPTER FIVE! A LOT HAPPENS WITHIN CHAPTER FIVE, AND I AM JUST SO VERY HAPPY. ONE STEP CLOSER TO CHAPTER SIX! AS ALWAYS IF YOU PREFER TO BE EMAILED THE STORY, SIMPLY MESSAGE ME.

===== ◆◆ =====

W.C - 14K

C.C - 90K

===== ◆◆ =====

NEW WITH CHAPTER FIVE

PAST OPTIONS THAT TAKE EFFECT UPDATED LAYOUTSOME GRAMMAR AND PUNCTUATION

[DONT TRUST ME, THIS SHIT IS MY ENEMY]

INTRODUCTION TO NEW CHARACTERMORE CLOTHING OPTIONS

[HEAD COVERINGS FOR MEN AND WOMEN AND GENDER NEUTRAL, ADDED ACCESSORIES, ADDED CLOTHING CHOICE]

READ CHAPTER FIVE IN FULL



[A PEEK OF WARDEN'S BACKSTORY](#)

[Nov 14, 2023](#)

He walks like a newborn deer, body naked with shaky legs and limbs, stumbling over his feet, crashing into tall trees, letting out huffs of cold air. It has been so long since he has walked. He keeps pushing himself forward, moving blindly to whatever had called him.

Moving through the forest, only to trip and fall. Tumbling over himself, and landing in a cold large pond. His head goes over, as he wildly kicks his legs before resurfacing with a gasp. Toes scraping against the gravel bottom. He wildly throws his hands and arms, trying to swim like he had seen so many animals do before, yet this is different. His body is so heavy.

He crawls onto the shore, resting on his hands and knees, heaving desperately. Until a voice speaks out loud, drawing his attention. He moves his gaze, finding a woman, dressed in a thick black cloak, her long raven hair braided with jewels and gold bands. She speaks again, ancient words rolling past her lips, still the man doesn't respond. Only looking at her.

She huffs, walking towards the man, feet bare, yet decorated in golden chains and rings. She stops until she stands above the man, tilting her head to the side. "Shadow, who awoke you from slumber?" The woman speaks in a different language, scrunching her nose in silent self-disappointment. Whatever she said, didn't come off as she wanted. The words still sound foreign. He struggles to understand.

"You shall not speak?"

She asks and waits before shaking her head, reaching down and motioning for the man to stand. "That is fine." She says with a firm nod, helping the man to the feet, who does as he's told. Moving almost like a doll. She looks over his tall, naked form, taking in his blank face and piercing eyes.

"It will make sense." She says, undoing the string of her cloak, and wrapping it around the man, it's short, not reaching his pitch black toes or feet, yet she waves it off. Making sure he was fully covered.

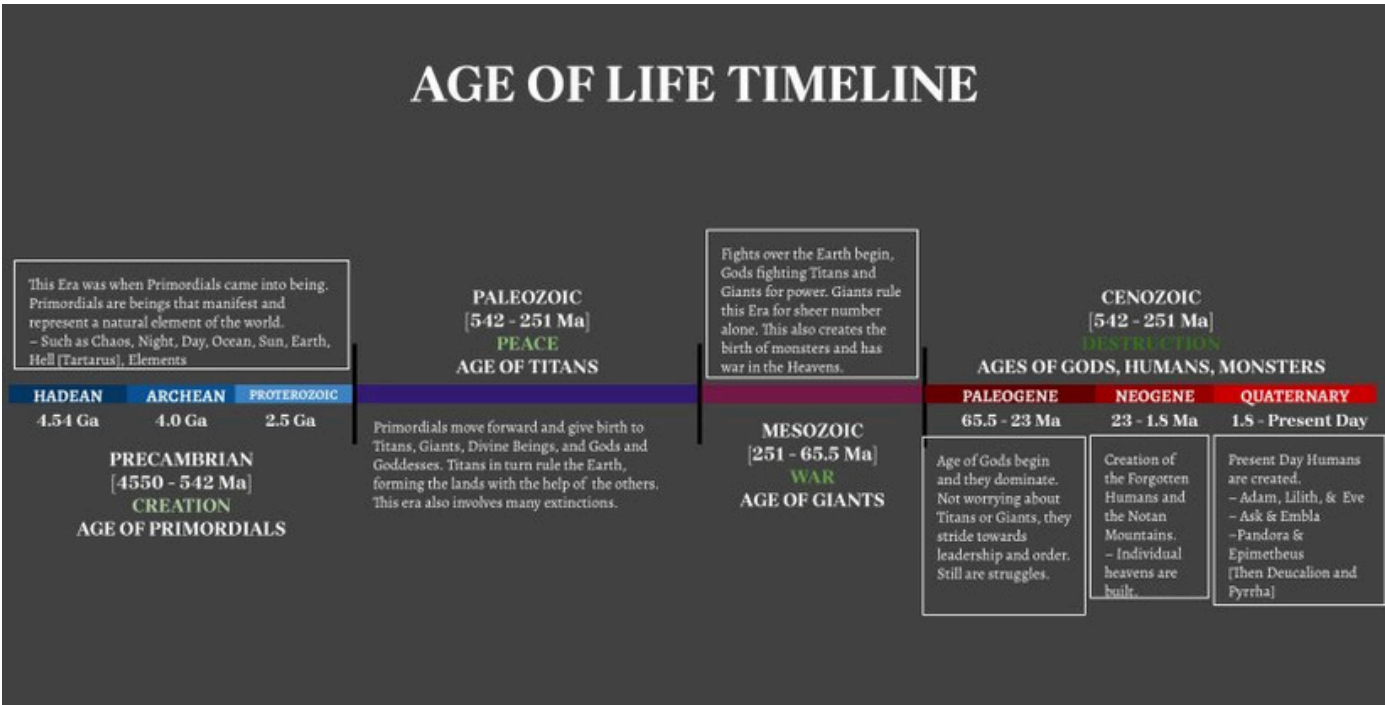
"Come. I am sure the moon wants you warm."



TIMELINES

Nov 15, 2023

In preparation for next week!!

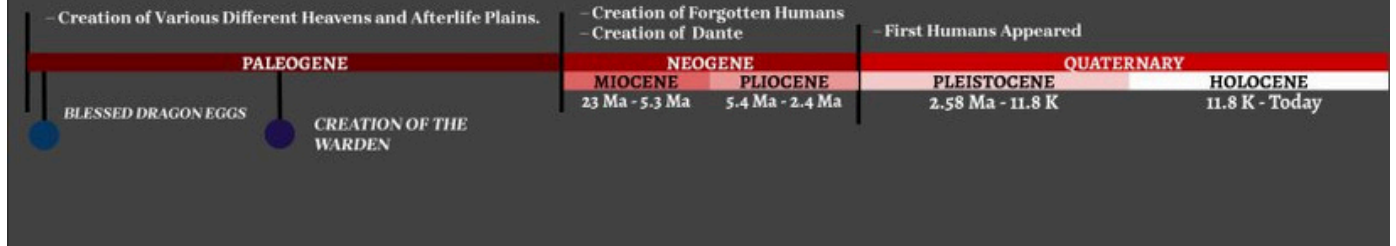


UP CLOSE TIMELINE

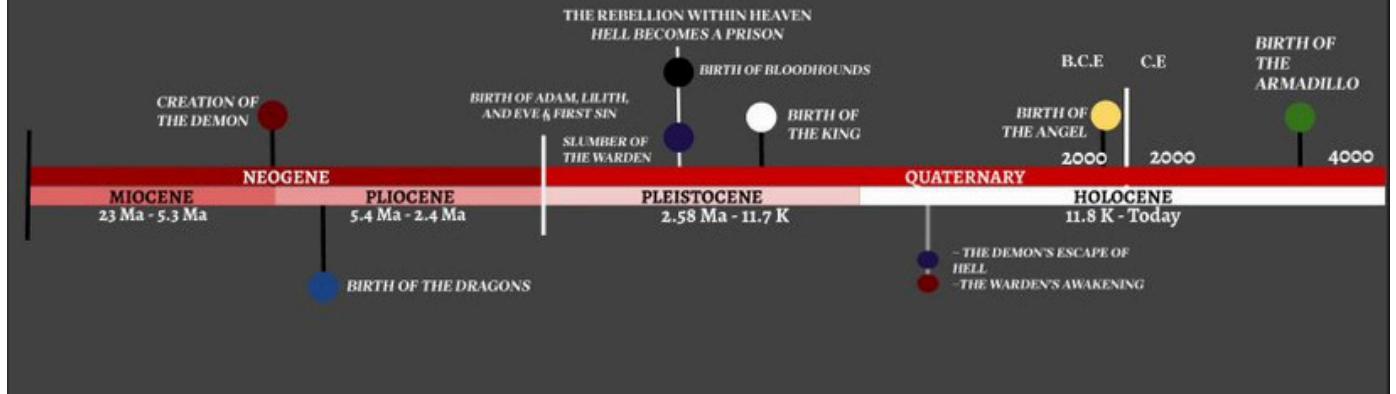
CENOZOIC
[542 - 251 Ma]

DESTRUCTION

AGES OF GODS, HUMANS, MONSTERS



LOVE INTEREST'S TIMELINE



[THE WARDEN'S BACKSTORY](#)

[Nov 22, 2023](#)



The Warden—Though he had been gifted no human name yet, not one that you could speak. So, for the sake of his story, his name was spoken in a series of soft bells, that sounded like Eh-Lee-Us, *Elias*. That is the human name for the cherub. Though all cherubim went by title alone. He was crafted of the sky and cloud, fashioned with four white wings and many heads, one that was human, one that was of a lion, one of an eagle, and one of an ox. And with each head, he was gifted an ability. Strength from the bull, courage from the lion, speed from the eagle, and love from the human.

All in order to serve his loving God. He was a blessed Cherubim, made to guard and protect. One of the four throne bearers of God. The youngest throne bearer. And with his gifted abilities, he sang and praised God, seated at his throne, protecting his sacred heavens. And from his seat, he watches over the forming of the world, over the conflict between gods, and the slow existence of humans. Though the beautiful garden of Eden is his favorite place to watch, all the animals are named by handsome Adam, and his second wife, beautiful Eve.

He watches from beneath God's throne, as the humans are made. Fashioned with things of mud, sand, sticks, clay, straw, or rocks. That of the earth, to make different races, diverse cultures, different everything. Yet still the same. Each made like the God who fashioned them. Elias was there as the first humans were made many many centuries ago—and how they slowly but purposely became forgotten. But God was not known yet, he was young and still is. Still trying to earn his title as King of the Gods. He desires to stand among the Gods such as Zeus, Ra, Odin, and gods who have fallen over time. All gods who rule their kingdom well, but not as well as Elias' God does. For that is what the cherub believes.

This causes concern among God's Divine Council, a body of celestial beings who help God rule, and the Archangels who do God's bidding. Still, that is not a cherub's concern. Merely to care for the God's throne and sing his worship. The council speaks of betrayal, and that God's favorite angel wishes to seek revenge for humankind and Adam's equal and first wife. They speak of the banishment of Adam and Eve. The ripple effect that will affect all humans, not just God's, but all kingdoms and pantheons. Freewill shall taint their mortal being and fill them with ideas of becoming equal to themselves and the gods that made them.

And from this, Elias gets an idea. A fond and honest idea.

"I shall save the vile humans in honor of my God. I shall make him far better than the others, and they shall be jealous, for he turned ugly humans into beautiful beings. I will make them like the gorgeous Adam and Eve before they sinned."

Yes, proud of his idea, the Cherub travels far sneaking away with only good in mind, using the sweet scent of food and fruit—something that the vile humans never had before--luring a young human boy, only 13. *Just like him*. Elias believed that since the human was young, he would surely learn better than

the older humans. And with only three cherubs guarding God's throne, his heaven makes a slow descent into chaos.

The balance of four is disrupted.

As angels and the divine split and whispered secrets about the young God. Chaos teeters on the edge as Angels, the watchers, turn from their teachings, sleeping with humans of other Gods and making strong beings, the nephilim and slowly taught humans advanced technology. Still, war has not broken out.

When Elias lays eyes on the imperfect human boy, the cherub is filled with much pride. Taking in the boy's gold eyes. He was made by a war-mongering tyrant goddess, who gave all her humans gold eyes, for she hated the gold and wanted them to remember that no matter how long they lived. No matter how many times they changed appearance, changed their name. No matter how many scars they gained, they could not be changed.

The boy without a name was just like her, yet he hardly spoke, and for a moment the cherub thought that maybe he was not so vile. Nor very cruel. But simply imperfect.

Yet you know that story.

The stony mountain that hides the forgotten humans, once known as Notan, is the mountain of nothing, located at the edge of the world. Though these mountains do not stop those from entering its forgotten lands.

So, a man. A man taunted with murder--the first murder finds solace in the nothingness and love. Marrying and having children with one of the forgotten humans. The sweet, enticing, luring sick children of Cain escape the mountains without grass, without water, without things of joy. Spreading across the world and mixing with the humans who were remembered.

Yet the Cherub does not know this.

To him, he has merely failed to turn the boy to God. He has grown to love the boy. Elias loves him deeply. He feels his devotion waver and fear fills him. So when God comes to him worried. The cherub lies. Spilling cold fables, blaming the vile humans for his faulty loyalty. Denying his love for them. For him.

He *begs* for forgiveness.

On his hands and knees, pleading for mercy, in his human form. Not the form that God had made him, the form the the vile human loved. With honest deep blue eyes squeezed shut, clawing at the ground beneath.

He had not meant to taint God's holy name nor land.

He swears that he shall not sin again. *That he shall not speak.*

Yet God cannot forgive. He cannot look past.

"You desire hell, in the deepest of your hearts," God speaks, and the cherub sobs. Shaking his head so desperately. It is not true, as he cries golden tears—tears that God surely did not give him. Elias wishes for his friend. "The punishment of your brethren shall not be yours. When the time comes you will grow cold."

The cherub mourns the loss of his heaven.

Even in his God's cruelty, Elias still loves him.

Even as his actions are unkind.

"Poor Poor Cherub."

A beautiful, beautiful man, known as "Lucien", whispers. He can see the ugliness that lies within all Kingdoms of Gods, within each pantheon. This man was charming with smooth pale skin, onyx black eyes that sometimes looked ruby red, and silky black hair with gorgeous white wings that slowly faded into black, that seemed to creep upward. He wipes the cherub's beautiful eyes and tells him it is not right. That the Gods are not right for trying to make the humans below them.

"I will help you. Yet you must follow my every order blindly."

And when chaos comes, as angels are tossed from the heavens, as the beautiful morning star falls from the sky, as the vile humans become hounds in a sweep of fire. In a blaze of red flames. The entire earth shakes from rage and sorrow.

The cherubim cries as he watches. His friend's words are angry, shouting words of betrayal. He calls the cherub a liar. He looks like the goddess who made him with terribly angry gold eyes.

He feels the heat burn the ends of his wings, as the ground opens beneath him, swallowing him whole.

The sobbing cherub does not become like the others. He is not cast into the pits of fiery hell; he is not forced to be human. He is merely forgotten. Tossed into the cold void of nothingness.

He loses his gorgeous wings, frozen and torn away, and his halo of eyes. At first, he feels nothing but the cold, the swallows him hold, that freezes the tips of his fingers and toes, the blackness of the void covering his brown skin, creeping up his legs, stopping midhigh, and creeping up his hands, stopping at his shoulders. With frozen-over tears along his back, here his four wings once rested. while the wings

that covered his tear-ridden face break away to do frost.


Soon the pain subsides, and he is gifted sleep, listening to the secrets that come with the void, that follow the shadows. Frozen and sleeping for many years. He forgets how to speak, how to eat, how to live. Dreaming of the life he once had.

How he hates that boy—*Dante*—for condemning him to cold nothingness. Yet he regrets deeply, desperately wishes that he would save him. In his restless sleep, Elias—who will soon lose his name—whispers, "I need you—please help me."

It was merely coincidence or fate that he awoke; the void had swallowed him and pitied him, now after many, many years. Centuries of violence, secrets, floods, the void finally spat him out. Leaving him older than before, naked, and cold, laying in cold, cold soft snow that falls gently on his face. He feels nothing, only under the embrace of a beautiful moon that shines bright and high, unaffected by his snowing tears.

"*Endymion*," the moon whispers. "Oh, how lovely of a shadow you are." He was no longer a cherub that answered to the eyes of God. But a being made of the void that removed his divine and made him nothing.

A shadow.

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STATUS UPDATE

Dec 9, 2023

Hello Loves,

This month has been quite a slow month in the way of getting work done, meaning that I'll be taking a break from being social and writing for the moment as I feel that chapter five wasn't as good as I hoped and slowly has been dragging me down and I'm disappointed in it. So I am taking a chance to relax. I've been feeling a bit irritable with everything at the moment and don't feel as I have the patience as I should.

Hopefully this break wont last long and maybe I'll be able to be somewhat productive and crank out chapter six before January, that way i can put it on the back burner and work on other IFs and things. Also! If you are any of my higher tiers, redacted, warden, or armadillo, please do stay on the lookout,

since ill be working on adding your OCs to the ROs backstories and may reach out sometime this week or next week.

Another thing, if my break extends beyond a two weeks, I will be putting a pause to payments, simply cause its not fear when i haven't been active as i should. As always thank you for being patient and understanding. No need for kind words or anything, im just alittle tired and resting as i should. <3

Love,

Ciel

STATUS UPDATE -- IMPORTANT

Dec 13, 2023

Hello, Darlings!

There has been this big change in plans for December. Originally there was going to be a chapter six release, but plans have changed! I had also announced a hiatus, but things for that have also changed, especially mentally! Instead, I am working on something for the Holidays, as promised for my higher tiers, 12 and up.

As promised, I am working on both Six Holiday Fictions in one new IF. Called TSTT: TALES.

And three birthday fics for TSTT: TALES for the upcoming December & January Birthdays, with optional NSFW as well.

I am also planning on adding various scenes and moments with the ROs via this singular IF that I am working on. In the future, I want to convert the NSFW fics here, give them an IF variation and make them more personalized.

This means that chapter six will be pushed back to Jan or Feb (The One Year Anniversary). And then go on official pause, while I work on my other IFs, then later in the year 2024, I want to release a REVAMPED version of TSTT CHAPTERS 1 - 6, WITH MORE SCENES, DIALOGUE, and MORE OPTIONS.

Which I was going to do after the completion of TSTT, but that ultimately stressed me and I feared putting too much load on my Beta Readers. I will open my forms to again sometime in Jan.

But that does bring me some bad news for my lower tiers, at the moment, I will try and share short glimpses, or a "blander" version without all the customization, but at the moment, until TSTT: TALES is completely together and in a sense regular updates, until then, I sorta have to neglect you, until I get all my bearings in order. Which should be sooner rather than later. You will be getting something for the Holidays, as well as a Warden Fic soon.

And my free followers, I swear, I am creating a system so that you're not so out of the loop.

This is a lil messy, but I hope this makes sense. Anyways, thank you for being so patient with me.

- Love,

C



[TSTT: TALES](#)

[Dec 18, 2023](#)

Hello My Little Doves,

I can finally and happy announce the release of TSTT: Tales. Which I have another post that will detail everything about it, but this is something you have access to already. Now, the bad news is, because I plan to update TSTT: Tales regularly and weekly and unlike with chapter updates, I cannot email it. So you will have to join the discord for it through patreon.

But I believe that is will be worth it, due to the coming Haitus. That will take place in January and will last quite a few months while I work on other IFs, but TSTT: Tales will still have stories and such added which is a bonus!

Now for my higher tiers [*Warden's Endless & Redacted Holy Light*], this also gives me a chance to have your OCs that you added to the chosen Love Interest backstory to actually interact with them and get your own personalized IF. This aswell goes for commissions. You may choose between and IF or written story. So if you haven't already filled out the needed form, do message me. The forms are also available on Discord.

This also goes for my dragon and armadillo tiers, the forms that you should fill out on discord, that will be added soon.

Im rambling but thank you so much for your patience!

[THE DRAGON DISCORD](#)

[THE ARMADILLO DISCORD](#)

[THE WARDEN DISCORD](#)

[THE \[REDACTED\] DISCORD](#)

[TSTT: TALES](#)



[THE SIX THAT THRIVE: TALES](#)

[Dec 18, 2023](#)

HELLO DARLINGS!

Today is the day and the release of TSTT: TALES, a IF release that will contain various stories, tales, poems, nsfw scenes, Love Interest POVs, and Holiday events that are all related to The Six That

Thrive!! As you already know, everything happens on the patreon discord, so you should join it!!

Though TSTT: Tales is for my higher tier only, you will get a gender neutral -- AFAB/AMAB version sometime this week to celebrate Ro's Birthday!

Yet if you want a lil more, more personal you can always join my dragon tier or above for more fun stuff!

[CHECK IT OUT!!](#)



[OFFICIAL DANTE APPEARANCE](#)

[Dec 20, 2023](#)



*By @*violetwister_ on instagram.



[HAPPY BIRTHDAY RO!!](#)

[Dec 23, 2023](#)

Dear MC,

Thank you for thinking of me and making my birthday a special one. I hope to continue spending the rest of my birthdays and the rest of my life besides you.

Love,

Ro Simeon

[RO'S BDAY TALE \[AMAB\] - 2023.pdf](#)

[RO'S BDAY TALE \[AFAB\] - 2023.pdf](#)



[PLANS FOR 2024!!](#)

[Jan 1, 2024](#)

IT IS A BRAND NEW YEAR!! WITH SO MUCH TO DO!!

In truth, I'm unsure of what I want to do for 2024. I'm not a good plan in advance and far more a "this'll be fun to do" type person. Especially when it comes to writing. So I am going to share what I want to do in the moment and my current feelings.

One Thing: I hate The Six That Thrive.

That is the ultimate looming threat, I'm facing and want to put this out there, not because I'm going to scrape TSTT. I simply want to make it better. Working on other IFS, have just made me realize how much I could add especially seeing that TSTT is my first ever IF, and if you were there when I first began, it was an utter mess.

Chapter Six has been in production, but I cannot work on it with a clear conscious, knowing how much I hate the previous chapters and if I cannot somewhat like the old, I can't move forward. So as of right now, I think I am going to go on hiatus.

So now, you might ask. **"What about the Patreon?"** The Patreon is a mixed of those who want TSTT content and mainly that, while others are down for supporting me in general. I am still going to be posting TSTT content. Sharing fics, drabbles, backstories. I may as well drop new and improved chapters.

So, what will I do in the meantime. As ridiculous as I am, I'm going to be posting new demos for unreleased IFs. Mainly to have the option to jump around and not feel guilty for it. I've realized that I've been sorta holding myself back from doing the things I enjoy in fear of what others felt and thought as

well with overworking myself. But I am coming to realize what is best for me as a writer and it's the ability to write when and wherever. So I've planned to move forward without feeling guilt.

Things I've been facing and fear for the future. The amount of access everyone has to me. As in a sense online and how easy it is to reach out to me. For one, I'm not upset or bothered by those reaching out and haven't received harassment or hate. But there are subtle demands from strangers that I have noticed and simply expect me to do, because I want to be super inclusive. Which is a huge difference from suggestions and asking kindly. They just demand it, and I'm still learning to regulate it.

With School. Right now, I'm fantastic at balancing school and work, simply because most of the chapters I've wrote and write happen in a large chunk so that's not something I'm worried about. I also don't got a job so there's that.

ON MORE POSITIVE NOTES:

- Isra and Ezra —The Dragon's. It is their birthday. Now when they get a little drabble, idfk.
- The One Year Anniversary of TSTT is a day before my birthday so that's also exciting!
- I turn 19 next month!! (Which I feel a lot of people are unaware of.)
- More IFs! More genres! I have a pretty much horror track record, that's definitely ain't gonna change, but with my future IF that I plan to share hopefully by the end of this month, I'm EXCITED.

FINAL NOTES:

I truly don't know what I have in store for 2024! But I do want to make the best of it. As always, I want to thank you for your neverending support and patience and I'm excited to share this year with you all!!



[DEV LOG.JAN 5TH 2024](#)

[Jan 5, 2024](#)

I have begun rewriting TSTT and I'm super excited with what I'm adding! For starters! I have completely increased the time length for Arc One.

So instead of it taking place within a few days, it'll take place over a complete month, right, just so we can get a feel for MC and their life, as well as more time between MC and Dante, before they're bonded together! I'm also going to throw in a few more scenes with Ro, cause I can and will.

I'm also updating, all of character customization!!

Aiming to share a revamped Chapter One by the end of the Month!! And Chapter One of Nine Blood Dances Early Release by the end of January as well!!



"I AM COMMANDER ANIL II LUXURIA. RULER OF THE 2ND CIRCLE OF HELL."

The commanders voice is deep and smooth as she removes her mask, forming the obsidian into nothingness, as she effortlessly pulls down her hood revealing her face. She has rich and smooth dark brown skin, with pitch-black, bedroom eyes that stare down at you with long black lashes. A scowl upon her plump, glossed lips. She has thick and long jet-black hair, thats pulled away from her face into a low pony tail, with short pointed ears adorned with black and silver earrings. She doesnt move nor bow, but merely places her gloved hand over the center of her chest.

"I, Son of Satan, Anil II Luxuria, Commander of the Second Circle. Will guide you in any manner. In honorem Regis."

Her voice sends a shiver down your spine, she's quite beautiful, but you feel no attraction to her. You stare of the commander, watching her subtle movements. Her eyes trail over you, taking in all you are before letting out a rush of air through her nose.

[DEV LOG: JAN 14TH 2024](#)

[Jan 14, 2024](#)

It has been a hot minute since I've posted. I took like a three-day long break and feel pretty good.

Status on Nine Blood Dances: It is at 65% completion, with 128K Words. While the demo was 60K words, meaning I added around 68K words. And chapter one isn't even finished and still has revisions.

But I've added achievements to earn, new character traits, and you'll meet, three love interests in this chapter with many options.

Status on The Six That Thrive: I ain't do a damn thing. I think the plan is, moving forward. I'm going to get a new layout for it. I think that'll help with getting me to work on it, as well.

Also! I have not forgotten about Warden and Dragon B-Day stuff. After I finish Chapter One for NBD, I will work on them.

As always. Thank you for being patient with me.



[DEV LOG: JAN 19TH 2024](#)

[Jan 20, 2024](#)

It's late [10:45 PM] but I'm working on chapter one for nine blood dances, and created the cutest little wind spirit. It's so rawr. But at the moment, production has been rather slow and I've been patient with myself since it's still winter and my body and brain are still in somewhat hibernation mode, so there's no much on that end.

But I have been able to write more of Anil which is so excited!! Tho there are a few things that lack but I won't add til the final version since they won't really impact the story. But I worked hard to add several options and choices throughout the story.

That's all I got!



You shift slightly, running your hands over your arms and legs, rubbing off any dirt, the clear water slowly becoming muddy. You move your gaze along the bath and then up, noticing a weird pipe that is connected to a head with many holes. You rise from the tub and touch the object; you can't remove it. You turn your gaze to the handles of the tub, spotting a latch on the faucet. You turn on the water, letting it rush into the tub before pulling the latch. The faucet immediately stills and falls silent. You look back at the object, face to face with the many little holes, until a blast of water shoots into your face.

You let out a surprised shout, stepping back and slipping, falling back and into the tub, splashing water all around.

[DEV LOG - FEB 1ST, 2024](#)

[Feb 1, 2024](#)

February is finally here and to hit it off, I thought I'd share a fun moment I wrote in chapter two of Nine Blood Dances!!

I also wanted to share some thoughts for Discord Lives!! I'll be hosting two of them! One for all my patrons and one for the public!! Which I'll go into deeper detail later, but this is mainly for my patrons. So what I'll be doing is some point after the early releases for all major tiers, I'll host a Discord Live where we'll go through the entire Nine Blood Dances together, create a character together, and choose options together!! While sharing ideas, thoughts, for just having fun!!

Then later on, I'll have random Patreon lives while I'm writing!! There's no set date for the Discord Live, but the moment I share all release dates, I'll post the Discord Live Dates that'll correlate.

As always, I love you and thank you so much!!

Love, Ciel



[NBD: CHAPTER ONE RELEASE DATES](#)

[Feb 7, 2024](#)

FEBRUARY 17TH -

THE [REDACTED]'S HOLY LIGHT

FEBRUARY 24TH -

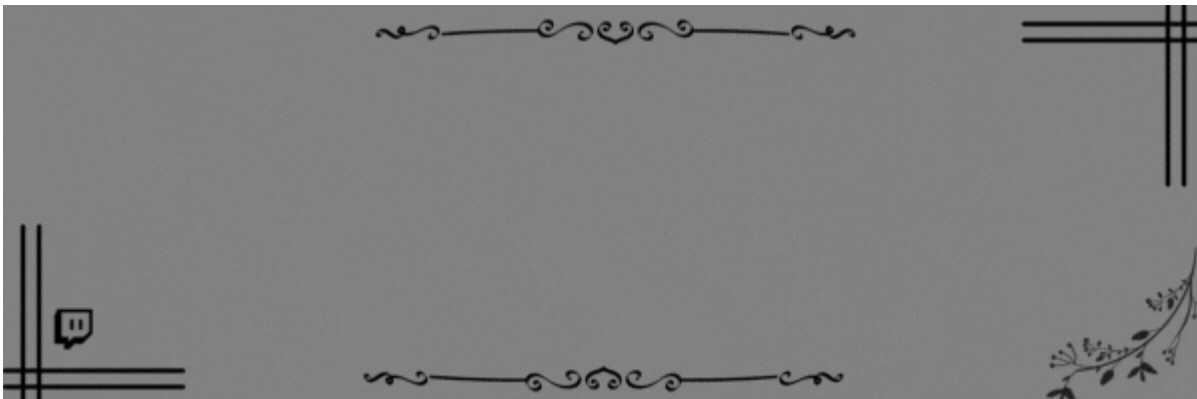
THE WARDEN'S ENDLESS & THE ARMADILLO'S LOVEBUG

MARCH 2ND -

THE DRAGON'S TREASURE & THE ANGEL'S SONGBIRD

MARCH 9TH -

PUBLIC RELEASES



[TWITCH STREAM ALERT](#)

Feb 12, 2024

Date: February - Tuesday, 13th, 2024

Time: 10:00 PM - MST

For the coming Valentine's Day, I found it fitting to host my first-ever stream for everyone to join!! This is only the beginning and I'm so excited for this step to grow the community further. My first stream will be rather simple and more of me testing the waters while I write Valentine's Fic and turn them into Interactive Short Fics!! This is also a public stream for everyone to join and chat and overall, I am insanely excited!!

- Tuesdays with writing short romance [possibly smut] fics with love interests and making Interactive Fic Versions! Also seeing me world build and write personalized Fics of OCs and more!
- Thursdays will be chapter writing of all my Interactive Fics and get the behind-the-scenes, for my Patreon only.
- Sunday for a miscellaneous type thing. Reacting to different IFs, Visual Novels, and even games. You can even share and submit your own games for me to play!! Or more writing/editing!!

GAME RECOMMENDATIONS



| [TWITCH](#) |

| [ITCH.IO](#) | [DISCORD](#) | [KO-FI](#) | [YOUTUBE](#) |



HAPPY VALENTINE'S DAY!!

Feb 14, 2024

DANTE X GN!READER

| INCLS. DEMON |

| TEASING | FLUFF | 0.6K

A/N: Thank you!! To all the ones who joined my stream while writing this and spoiler, I changed the ending, wink wink!! Have A Happy Valentine's Day!!

His hands are shoved into his pockets, the ends of his sneakers digging into the dirt, tilting his head to the side. They're pink flowers, unnatural flowers that blossom from the ground. Yet you seemed enamored by them, crouching before the flowers, touching their vibrant petals. Watching the ends curl inward as if ticklish. They're heart flowers, a basic name for a basic shaped flower. He admits he's not a fan.

Something about flowers tied to the divine doesn't sit right with him, then again, there's a difference between him actually caring about the flowers and him filled with somewhat annoyance that these flowers are the object of your attention. Especially in a garden you passed by many times before with and without the demon by your side.

"Dante." He shifts his head to you and lets out a subtle hum. You and he have been in this garden for about 10 minutes, with you marveling at each new flower that sprouted in early spring and him glued to your side, answering any questions you had. Since most, if not all, were in some way tied to the divine. A specific choice by a specific and annoying man.

“Dante!” You say his name louder than before, drawing his attention from the flower to you. Blinking once. Then twice. You have a confused look on your face, your nose slightly scrunched as you use one hand to balance yourself. “I called for you.”

"I was listening."

You stare at him, clearing not believing the bloodhound, before clicking your tongue and turning your attention back to the heart-shaped flowers. "They say that the heart flowers were made when Cupid drops his arrows, making the very ground fall in love. Is it true?" You look up at him and he stares before slightly rolling his eyes and shifting his weight.

"How would I know?" He kicks the ground again, slight amusement in his tone. You tilt your head, clearly not amused. "Aren't you the one who knows everything about everyone? Or were you lying?"

He shrugs with a grin, dropping his head to you. "Like a liar." His gaze quickly shifts between you and the flower.

"You are—"

The demon cuts you off as he moves to stand beside you and drops to where he's crouching. The movement is sudden and fluid, as he rests his forearms on his knees. "Telling the honest truth. I don't know anything about cupid's arrows *falling*," he uses air quotations for 'falling', "but it doesn't sound far-fetched, i guess." The ends of his nails flick a heart-shaped petal, making the flower sway.

"Are you saying that cause you know or 'cause you forgot." You say bluntly, watching Dante show an even wider smile, revealing his canines, "I don't mess with the gods, you know that." He slightly sways from the toe to the heel of his shoes, purposely bumping into you.

"But I do remember if you touch the petals long enough, you'll fall in love with whomever you're staring at." Using his index and thumb to grab the length of the petal, gently tugging on it and looking at you. You turn your head from him, deciding that the stone pathway beneath your feet was far more interesting.

He practically purrs your name, leaning closer and dropping his head to look at your face. "Look at me," He whispers, leaning in close until you look at him. His breath is warm against your face, creeping along your cheeks until he grins, releasing the petal of the heart flower, letting white pollen fan into your face.

"I lied." You cough, frantically wiping your face as the demon grabs the side of your cheek, turning your head towards him, planting a firm kiss on your lips, lingering only for a slow moment, he laughs into the kiss, feeling your body shift, your hands pressing against the dirt ground as he leans further into you. He pulls away and rises to his with a laugh as you try and glare.

His tongue darts over his lips and he turns his back to you. You push yourself to your feet, placing a hand over your warm lips and chasing after the demon.

"You are such a liar!"



Feb 14, 2024

WARDEN X GN!READER

| INCLS. WARDEN |

| TEASING | FLUFF | 0.4K

A/N: Thank you!! To all the ones who joined my stream while writing this and spoiler, I changed the ending, wink wink!! Have A Happy Valentine's Day!!

"It's Valentine's Day." You sit on the leather couch located in his office while he sits at his desk, slightly nodding his head to your words, but not bothering to look up as he moves his pen. "Do you have any plans?" You stare at him curiously, watching his pen pause for a moment before returning to his fluid motions, rarely lifting his pen.

"Would you like me to have plans?" He doesn't look at you as he continues to fill out whatever form he's writing on, as he always does. "I'm just asking." You say with a soft shrug, turning your gaze from him to the many books, silence settles over you both as he continues to work.

Until he breaks it.

"Would you like to do anything for today?" You turn to look at him, his helmet is placed to the side, and he wears a cold but curious look, his eyes drifting across your face. You blink before looking away. "I want to go into town...then maybe lunch or something."

"Or something." He repeats invisible humor in his tone, placing his pen down and straightening his papers. He leans back in his chair and interlocks his fingers together. You shrug, dragging your feet across the ground. "I don't know. I just want to spend time... outside." The warden lets out a hum then more silence before rising to his feet, easily picking up his helmet and placing it on his head.

"We can go into town and get lunch and do third ambiguous activity." He lets out a cold exhale, frost slipping from beneath his mask, nudging his head for you to follow. Which he doesn't have to tell you twice as you hop to your feet practically skipping to follow after him.

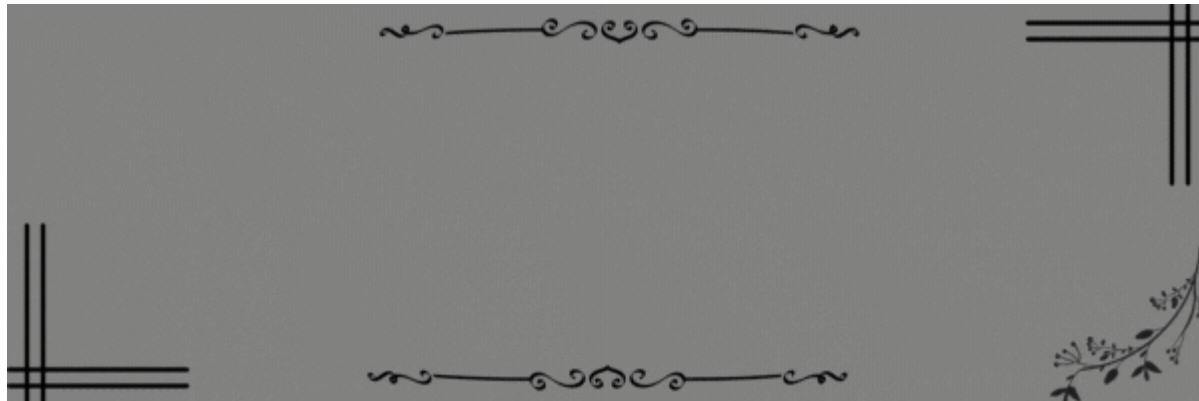
The door of his office slides open, and he lets you walk out first. "And since it is Valentines Day, we'll consider this a date." You pause your movements, turning to face the Warden, whose expression is invisible to you.

Your brows pull together as you speak. "A date!?" He slightly slants his head to the side, letting out

another breath of frost, sending a chill down your spine. "If one has romantic feelings for the other, then this can be considered a date." He steps closer to you.

"Did you just confess?" He lets out what you assume to be a laugh as he walks past, his hand landing on your waist and turning you in the right direction to walk with him.

"I did not say that I was the one with said romantic feelings."



[DISCORD STREAM - FEBRUARY 15TH](#)

Feb 15, 2024

For all my lovely, lovely patreon members, join me Thursday night as I write for NBD and TSTT and get behind the scenes as I do so!! I'm so excited since the Patreon members are quite small, you'll have the option to speak and talk with me, which is so fun!! And actually, possibly influence and suggest what goes on for the chapter and suggest special scenes you want to see!

GAME RECOMMENDATIONS | ● ~ ● ~ ● ~ ● ~ ● ~ ● ~ ● ~ ● ~ ● ~ ● ~ ● ~ ●

DISCORD

| [ITCH.IO](#) | [TWITCH](#) | [KO-FI](#) | [YOUTUBE](#) |

NEXT TUESDAY'S WRITING DAY STREAM

Feb 16, 2024

Planning for the future!! Next Tuesday for the Twitch Writing Stream, what should we write for those two hours!!

Commander Anil Smut -- NBD

Warden Smut -- TSTT

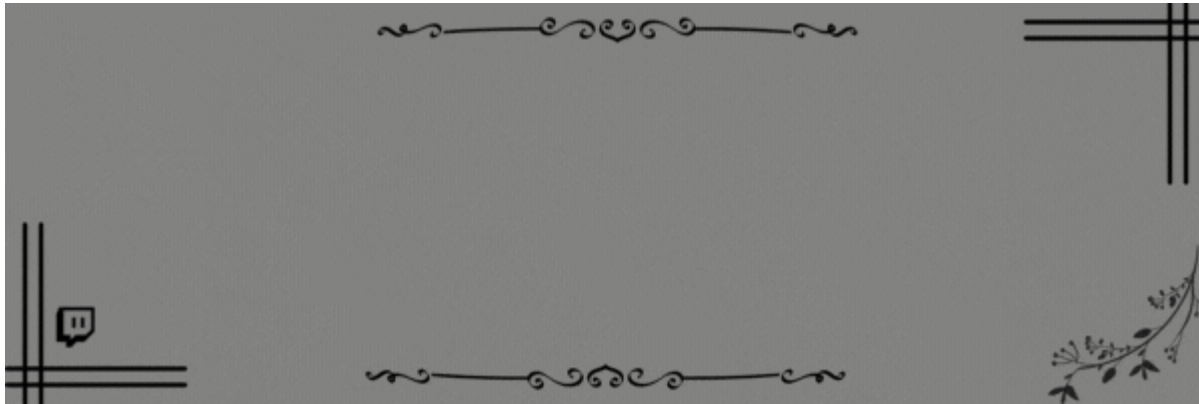
Warden X F!Dragon Smut -- TSTT

Dante X Angel Smut -- TSTT

Dante Smut -- TSTT

Commander Anil X Alice Smut -- NBD

39 votes total



[TWITCH STREAM ALERT](#)

Feb 18, 2024

Date: February - Sunday, 18th, 2024

Time: 10:00 PM - MST

Did I forget to make this announcement, yes. That's not the point. Tonight, Ill be playing a Visual Novel from itch.io and so excited so you should definitely join!! Cause that's what all the cool kids do!!

GAME RECOMMENDATIONS



TWITCH

| [ITCH.IO](#) | [DISCORD](#) | [KO-FI](#) | [YOUTUBE](#) |



CHAPTER ONE - EARLY RELEASE

Feb 24, 2024

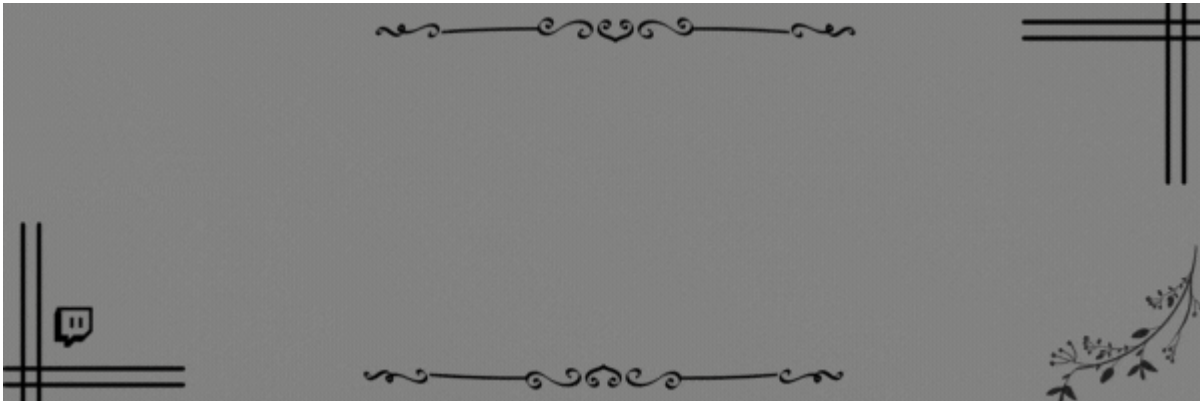
Hello!! Hello!! A new day and a new chapter!! This is absolutely exciting with so much more to read and gush about!! Hope you Enjoy!!

As always, join the discord server, which will take you immediately to everything you need for the new chapter and specific forms for your tier. If you don't see a place for patreon members, DM me on Discord and I'll add the needed roles!



WARDEN TIER - NEW CHAPTER

ARMADILLO TIER - NEW CHAPTER



STREAM + ONE YEAR TSTT CELEBRATION

Feb 27, 2024

Date: February - Tuesday, 27th, 2024

Time: 10:00 PM - MST

[Gender-Neutral on stream, but fem & male versions later]

GAME RECOMMENDATIONS

● ~ ● ~ ● ~ ● ~ ● ~ ● ~ ● ~ ● ~ ● ~ ● ~ ●

| TWITCH |

| [ITCH.IO](#) | [DISCORD](#) | [KO-FI](#) | [YOUTUBE](#) |



CHAPTER ONE - PUBLIC RELEASE

Mar 9, 2024

This took a long time! Yet, I am excited to officially release chapter one!! A lot of work was put into this chapter, with new stuff to experience for both, early readers and the public!! Hopefully, for chapter two, I can get you all more involved. Honestly writing NBD has been fantastic, even with all the coding and characteristics, which made it easier for me in the long run!! As well with this being somewhat lengthy with so many new traits!!

WORD COUNT: 193K + 130K [INCL.CODING]

ADDED FEATURES:

|| MEET THREE LOVE INTERESTS

|| + 10 NEW SKIN TONES

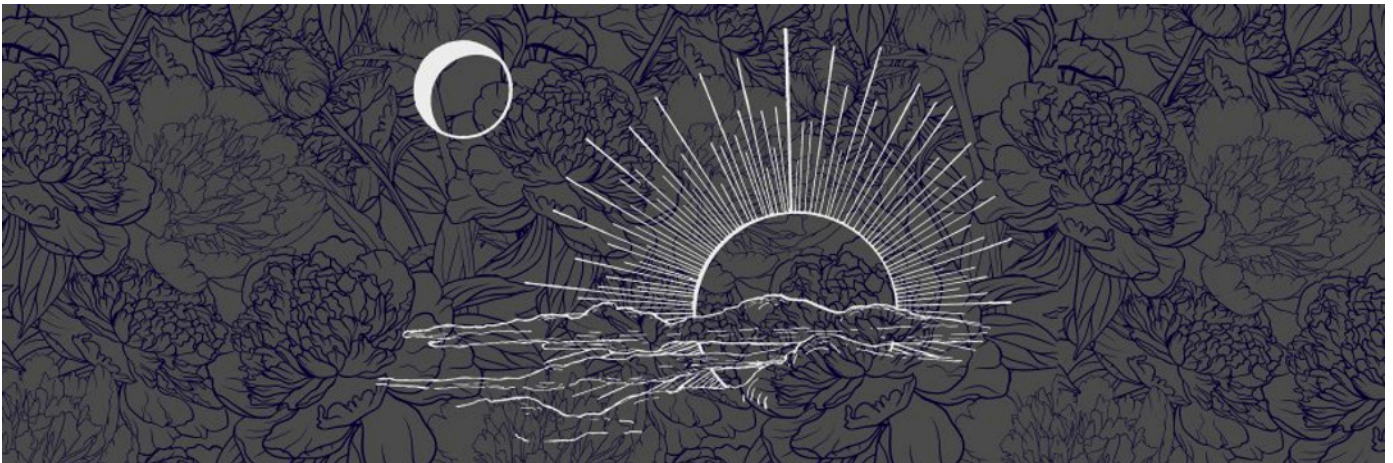
|| + 2 NEW PERSONALITY TRAITS

SYSTEM VIEW OVERHAUL ~ WITH THE SAME LAYOUT, BUT WITH A NEW LOADING SCREEN!!
RECOMMENDED THAT YOU START FROM THE BEGINNING TO EXPERIENCE EVERYTHING NEW,
AND HAVE NEEDED VARIABLES FOR LATER IN THE STORY!



DEMO

[ITCH.IO](#) | [DISCORD](#) | [KO-FI](#) | [PATREON](#)



TSTT: CHAPTER COMPARISONS

Mar 12, 2024

As you all know, I am rewriting TSTT all the way up to chapter six and thought it be fun to share the comparisons and changes made and why I made them!! Hopefully you can see my improvement!!

.. ————— . ☽ ☼ ☾ . ————— ..

OLD CHAPTER ONE - ACT ONE:

Sirens blare and scream, creating a rhythmic sound that makes one's ears bleed and distorted. Smoke rises from unnatural reddening flames that curl and whip, moving like that of a feral dog, tugging on it's iron chain. Red distorting lights spin and cause alarm, coating everything in a deep shade of crimson, alerting the vast facility.

Demanding attention to the threat that managed to escape it's cell—Demanding that the threat be neutralized. Only to grow frantic as the melting metals bend and sway, giving way to the heavy body before it, forcing the liquifying walls to curl away in defeat, allowing a wide opening for the monstrous prisoner. Clawed, mangled hands tears apart the barrier, unbothered by the flames that licks upon it's body. The wind howls loudly, feeding the ever-growing blaze, carrying the smell of smoke and blood across the winds.

"SUBJECT F-24 HAS BREACHED WING THREE! SEND IMMEDIATE BACKUP!"

"SUBJECT F-24 HAS BREACHED WING THREE! SEND IMMEDIATE BACKUP!"

"SUBJECT F-24 HAS BREACHED WING THREE! SEND IMMEDIATE BACKUP!"

The female robotic voice repeats at full volume. Automatic and programmed to say whatever the facility guard frantically typed in when he got word that the subject escaped. The voice will continue to scream until the fire eats away at its system, for the demon had long since breached wing three. Killing every scientist that had unfortunately crossed it's path. As well as the five other wings, unnecessary but *enjoyable*.

It was sure that no one else was alive.

The fire barked and growled vociferously, shaking the foundation of the fake soil and grass placed upon a moving mechanical floor. If the demon listens closely, it can hear the gears of the district turning, but that isn't any of it's concern. Not right now, at least. It's concern is—
FOOD.

.. ————— . ☽ ☼ ☾ . ————— ..

REWRITTEN CHAPTER ONE - ACT ONE:

"ALL FIVE SECTORS HAVE BEEN BREACHED! EVACUATE THE FACILITY IMMEDIATLY."

A distorted automatic voice repeats, each robotic word glitching and replaying over itself as shrill sirens screech loudly. Desperate to draw attention—to force panic, with vibrant, nauseating red lights that spin, bathing the dark halls in red. Alerting the entire facility as hands frantically type along bloodied keys, sweat dripping from his brow, desperate to warn the facility of its failing systems.

Yet no one pays attention.

Panicked feet run through the halls with flailing arms, shoving past each other and trampling over one another. Their once white pristine coats, bathed in red. While beings chase, gargling, growling, laughing. Clawing at the ceiling, bouncing along the walls, wedding fingers latching onto one human and sinking its fangs into its neck, then jumping to another. While humans—prey—scream and beg. Fists pounding against secure steel doors and firm white walls. Covering the tile in their bloodied fingerprints and tears.

While bodies hold the door closed, wincing away from every pounding of the door, off the screams that turn into gurgles of words. While those outside race to the facility fences, attempting to climb its thick wire mesh, only to be gunned down by patrolling guards from their towers, not wanting to risk their place of safety. Only for monsters of the air to break free from the thick walls, with a shrill scream—hordes of the monsters attack the towers, yanking the guards from them and feasting.

Until heat.

The ground shakes violently as the solid concrete melts away with a gigantic blast of fire, piercing through the facility floors. Unnatural red flames crawl from the depths of the facility, burning everything in its path. Curling and whipping, lunging at humans and monsters alike, snapping its jaws like a feral dog. Burning everything and everyone.

The sirens' sounds grow distorted and frantic, as guards abandon their stations and monsters abandon their fresh human meals, only to be caught within its fiery flames, then burn it to ash in wailing screams. The ground and walls give way to the heat, as reinforced metals slowly bend and sway. A monstrous prisoner climbs from the fiery inferno, nails scrapping along the large pit it created.

Broken, disfigured hand claws at melting concrete and rubble, pulling its deformed body from scorched debris. Unbothered by the red flames that surround its body. The wind howls loudly, feeding the ever-growing blaze. While this thing stands on top of it all. With misshapen legs and a twisted neck that dangles to its side, the thing's body covered in thick black and red blood that boils and bops, releasing a dark yellow ooze.

Some of the monsters try and speak to it. With chomping teeth and slithering words, only to be

ignored and lit ablaze. Others don't bother, deciding it is better to eat upon the burning corpses of the scientists. Those who also met their demise. The flames do not lessen until every monster—human—subject is dead, only then do the flames slowly die, with nothing to feast upon. Silence settles over the destroyed remains of the facility. Leaving *this thing* standing.

It attempts to move, only to fail as it tumbles from the rubble. Rolling over itself, before landing on its front. The thing once again shifts, hands and feet protruding through the "body" unable to break through. It shifts more until it slowly forms into something somewhat human. It pushes itself onto its blobbed-like hands and then its sludge-like feet, trying to walk like that of a human with staggered steps.

The deformed lump wobbles and pulses, having no bones, no structure, unfamiliar with its new body. Its hands claw at its jugular, pulling away thick sludge and flesh, revealing its veins and bone and allowing its neck to snap on only for its cervical spine to snap from the weight. The thing gargles, staggering forward once more, the sounds of fresh bones breaking, only to remold just as quickly, before breaking again. While the gushing skin bubbles fill with blood and black puss fill the silence. Its body staggers once again, and a horrific snap follows, spine breaking in half, causing it to fold backward before lunging forward, collapsing on its front once again.

Globs of skin slowly melt and slither off the thing's form, slowly revealing the body of a naked human man with tan skin littered with scars. His body drenched in sweat and sludge, that emits a putrid odor. Eyes—Gold eyes slowly roll from the back of its skull, his consciousness slowly returning. He pushes himself onto his back, head slamming into the concrete beneath him as he coughs black and red blood, body seizing in small jumps as smoke bellows through his mouth. He stares at the false sky, blinking slowly. He can hear the shadows whisper, but what **he** says, he cannot make out.

He allows the dizziness of it all to pass, counting the seconds only when he reaches 300 seconds does he move. A distorted groan as he slowly forces himself onto his naked stomach, the ground sizzling beneath his form as he pulls himself onto his way with a heavy sway. He wobbles forward, hands resting on his knees and shaking the entirety of his upper body, moving his waist-length shaggy black hair with his erratic movements. He lets out a low growl; the noise vibrating in his throat.

He straightens his body, shaking out his limbs, feeling his bones shift. He rolls his neck, blinking slowly. He listens, tilting his head to the side, listening for any heartbeats, for the subtle sound of blood rushing in one's veins. He listens for any breaths. Yet he finds none. But he can hear the faint gears of the district turning, as it crawls and crawls. Yet he doesn't care. Not now. He walks slowly, eyes scanning the ruined facility. He admits he is somewhat jealous. All the carnage above was caused by other subjects, far weaker than him, while he was stuck underground, trying to find a new body and eating.

COMMENTARY:

One big noticeable change is Act One is shortened! Still has the same information, but straight to the point. I did this for two reasons. The first reason is Act One and Act Two will be spread further out. Giving more space in between the events and making it more realistic. This also sets us up for the rest of the acts. Adding a day in between the broadcast day and meeting Dante. I wanted to have better pacing. So that's the main goal of chapter one.

I also wanted to be more descriptive and give much much more to the facility. Working on NBD has really helped my writing skills and rewriting TSTT has been so fun!



[NBD: CHAPTER TWO PLANS](#)

[Mar 13, 2024](#)

Yes. Yes. We are starting to write chapter two! And I know you have questions such as, "Why would you with errors and such." And my response is, READ THIS. Moving forward. I am aiming to write chapter NBD in a timely manner.

This is frustrating since NBD was supposed to be fully written and published in January, but due to how long I wanted the chapters, it was unattainable and ridiculous. So seeing as writing chapter one, took me like two months, I'll aim the same for NBD!!

If not faster, due to all that chapter two has. The majority of it is traveling from Anil's Circle to The Devil's Castle and carried a lot by character interactions. Though, I'll share all the interactions and sneak peeks.

— . . —)*(— . . —

Such as:

- Who do you sit beside in the carriage
- Whom you share a tent with (incl. possibly a sleeping back)
- Late Night Meetings
- Eating Breakfast, Lunch, Dinner (you can ofc switch around)
- Depending on how you choose to have Anil bathe you, you get a more personal dialogue
- If your species is vampire or dhampir ~ you'll have a chance to drink animal blood, human blood, or Alice or Eric's blood

~ depending on previous options

~ If human - you have a chance to drink from Alice or Eric

- If succubus or incubus you'll need sexual energy and may possibly engage with one of the ROs for it, depending on past options, they will either confirm or deny you. If all deny, you'll have to go without

— . . —)*(— . . —

This Chapter is mainly about traveling with possibly meeting a love interest(s) at the very end. Overall, I am super excited about what I have planned. Prepare yourself for goodbyes!



SETTINGS




FULLSCREEN

Toggles fullscreen mode.

On 

Change Font

Merriweather 

Change Font Size

14px 

Enable Notifications


On 


OK


Reset to Defaults

SAVES

A	Load	Autosave 3/13/2024, 4:46:35 PM	Delete
1	Load	PG.0.7 1/1/2024, 3:31:58 AM	Delete
2	Save	...	Delete
3	Save	...	Delete
4	Save	...	Delete
5	Save	...	Delete
6	Save	...	Delete
7	Save	...	Delete
8	Save	...	Delete

 Save to Disk...

 Load from Disk...

 Delete All

SETTINGS



FULLSCREEN

Toggles fullscreen mode.

OFF



Change Font

MONTSERRAT



Change Font Size

14PX



Enable Notifications

ON



OK

RESET TO DEFAULTS

SAVES

A	LOAD	...	DELETE
1	SAVE	...	DELETE
2	SAVE	...	DELETE
3	SAVE	...	DELETE
4	SAVE	...	DELETE
5	SAVE	...	DELETE
6	SAVE	...	DELETE
7	SAVE	...	DELETE
8	SAVE	...	DELETE
SAVE TO DISK...		LOAD FROM DISK...	DELETE ALL

RELATIONSHIP:

ROMANTIC 20%

PLATONIC 80%

⦿ PLATONIC: "He adores you.. He wishes to remain by yourside forever..."

⦿ ROMANTIC: "Perhaps he does not think of you this way yet."

⦿ STATUS:

[EDITING CHANGES FOR TSTT & NBD](#)

[Mar 18, 2024](#)

Whew!! I have spent the last few days editing and coding within both TSTT and figuring out changes to make the changes better!! For one! For Nine Blood Dances, I have updated the settings!! Though dark and light themes I'm still debating on adding, since so much goes into that.

[NBD CHANGES WILL BE IMPLEMENTED: MARCH 20TH]

Another thing I've worked on. Officially adding. Drum roll, please. *Insert Drum Rolls* A USABLE STATS BAR.

Istg, that shit was the devil, I could not code this and make it make sense. However, I won't be adding stat bars to NBD, at least not outside character approval and disapproval, since MC's physical actions are based upon your choices and if they are athletic and so forth. While for The Six That Thrive, this will finally be added and used in the game.

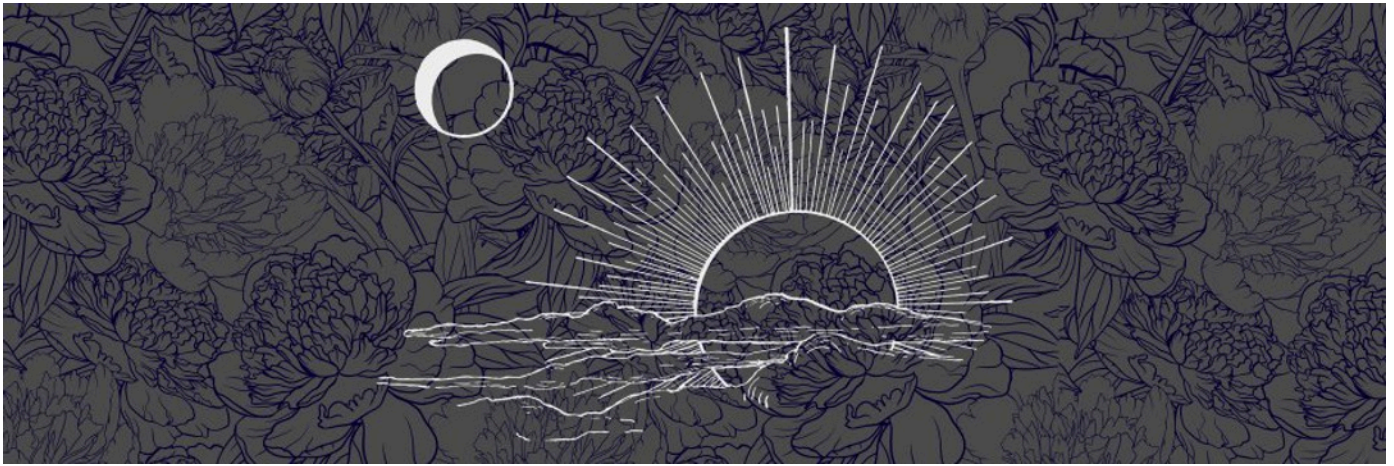


COMMENTARY:

I am so excited and having so much fun!! TSTT is still in the works, but once I've completely overhauled chapter one, I'll do little early releases!! These won't have dates and be released for everyone!! Make sure you join the server for that!! And hopefully, begin writing chapter two sometime this week!!

My goal is to build a good schedule so that you have content for most of the week. So Monday, it'll be editing changes/process. Tuesdays will be for TSTT chapter edits and writings and eventually Twitch streams again. My system is just crappy. Wednesday, NBD chapter edits and writings. Thursday, a special fic/short story and discord streams!! Friday, Saturday, and Sunday are break days--aka days I focus on just writing and working. + PLUS SCHOOL (Ill have a more in-depth thing later)

Another thing that I've done is all my IFs will have similar layouts! I realized instead of forcing myself to look visibly different, I want to have a set theme for all my works, with various color palettes. Harems have become a noticeable feature of mine and I want my layouts to carry that same vibe!! So at the moment, TSTT doesn't have a light theme, but that is what I will aim for in working on!!



[TSTT: CHAPTER COMPARISONS](#)

[Mar 19, 2024](#)

More TSTT Comparisons!! Which I'm really happy about!!

• • ————— • ☾ ☼ ☾ • ————— • •

OLD CHAPTER ONE. ACT THREE

The train is brightly lit with white sterile walls that are plastered with ads and posters, with windows that show the unlit inside of the train tunnel. The smooth quartz floor glistens and shines off the reflection of painful white overhead lights. You lean back against the plush white cushions of the long train seat, your body rocking and swaying to every bump and jolt, while your eyes flutter between open and closed, exhaustion seeping into your bones. Large headphones rest over your ears, blasting loud music, urging your body to stay awake from your upcoming work shift. While you gently clasp your backpack that rests on your lap.

The train smells like bleach mixed in with the faint perfumes and colognes of the surrounding people on the train. A woman with her daughters, a college student on the phone talking loudly and receiving multiple glares, and a businessman passed out in the furthest corner, clearly drained. The train is filled with various different people.

The train rocks again, and some people ignore it, used to the long train rides and bumpy tracks, others rolling their eyes in minor annoyance. *'You can spend so much money on making this train look nice but not let ride smoothly.'* That's what you think they're saying, and for a point, they're correct and wrong.

The jolting train suddenly stops and becomes smooth, the darkness of the tunnel disappearing as the windows open to the bright daylight of a clean and bustling city. Everyone turns their gaze, and so do you, watching the perfectly placed houses and businesses, seeing clean and sunny spaces of parks and natural landscapes. It seems so *vivid*. Teeming with life and

happiness. Your eyes move along the city before traveling to the enormous wall that separates the inner circle of District Six.

The wall that separates City Six into two. Uptown Six and Downtown Six. Uptown *from* Downtown. The perfect city disconnected from the jumbled-up slums. Your gaze moves along the long wall. From both opposite sides, the wall runs along, and eventually; they conjoin in the center, creating a wide circle and displaying the metal tree that rests in the middle.

Your gaze follows the thick metal trunk.

Eventually, you can't see any higher, but the tree is known as the Sky Tree, home to the richest of the rich of District Six or Saturn's City. Getting its name from the multiple railroad rings that are beneath the district's ground. The branches of the Sky Tree hold up the impenetrable glass dome, keeping us inside and the subject's out.

The train descends again, returning underground. You return to sitting forward. From what you're aware, all moving districts have a Sky Tree. While planted districts have an earth tree. You shift in your seat before your eyes flutter again, the smooth rails once again making you tired.

.. ———— . ☽ ☼ ☾ . ———— ..

REWRITTEN CHAPTER ONE. ACT TWO

You blink slowly, staring at your dim phone screen with headphones placed snugly over your ears, blasting any type of music that came from the randomly chosen playlist. Your fingers glide across the screen, filling out a district information form, something you've been avoiding for more than a week since you've had time off from work. It wasn't rare for the system to simply crash, but for all information to be wiped in new. Any news related to the major system crash and sudden quarantine was caused by major amounts of subject activity outside the district dome and resulted in a halt of our movement for ten days. You yawn, placing your phone in your lap and rubbing your hands over your eyes. **Even though you went to bed on time, like you always do, you're somehow exhausted.**

The train jolts roughly, and instinctively you tighten your thighs around your phone, dropping your hands from your eyes. Body rocking with the train's movements as you grab your backpack, pulling it closer to your side and pulling your phone from your lap. The train rocks again and you sway. There are a few groans and curses, angry with the bumpiness of the train. You glance up from your phone and sigh.

The train smells like bleach mixed in with the faint perfumes and colognes of the surrounding people. Your eyes drag along the packed train, gliding from the metal walls that are plastered with ads and posters to the large windows grimy inside of the train tunnel. The train rocks hard again, having your back bump hard against the seats as you spread your feet out, feeling the

smooth metal-grated floor glisten beneath your feet as you balance yourself.

There are more silent curses and quiet conversations on the downtown six train rails. Your tired eyes study the different people, some familiar faces, but each has one thing in common: a bronze ID card on their person, signifying whether they're from uptown or downtown. Another jolt and another chorus of groans. The train is unbearably full since today is the first day that everyone is allowed to go back to work. You yawn again.

10 days ago, the district closed all businesses and had everyone either work from home or just stay home, even sending checks to silence the whiners. And you, in no sense, were complaining about an extra 2500 in your pocket.

Your eyes skim over a woman with her young daughters, holding them close, with princess backpacks, chatting away to their very tired mother who only nods with a small smile. Then your eyes land on a college student on the phone talking loudly and receiving multiple glares, and a businessman passed out in the furthest corner, clearly drained.

The train rocks again, and some people ignore it, used to the long train rides and bumpy tracks, others rolling their eyes in minor annoyance. *'You can spend so much money on making this train look nice but not letting it ride smoothly. Ridiculous.'* That's what you think they're saying, and it brings you minor enjoyment. You turn your gaze back to your phone, scrolling through your socials landing on a personality quiz, and in your boredom, you click it.

INSERT CUSTOMIZATION

The results show a dancing bird with your character type, listing your personality and traits. Letting out a tired sigh, you close the program and muffle a yawn as you stretch your legs, slumping into the cold train seats. Closing your eyes, trying to block out the bright white lights of the train and muffled voices that surround you.

The jolting train suddenly stops and becomes smooth, the darkness of the tunnel disappearing as the windows open to the bright daylight of a clean and bustling city. You open your eyes again, you carefully wipe away your tears. Watching everyone turn their gaze, and so do you, watching the perfectly placed houses and businesses, seeing clean and sunny spaces of parks and natural landscapes. It seems so *vivid*. Teeming with life and happiness. Your eyes move along the city before traveling to the enormous wall that separates the circle of District Six.

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known as the Sky Tree, home to the richest of the rich of District Six or Saturn's City. Getting its name from the multiple railroad rings that are beneath the district's ground. The branches of the Sky Tree hold up the impenetrable glass dome, keeping us inside and the subjects out.

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. . ———— . ☽ ✨ ☾ . ———— . .

COMMENTARY:

One big thing is acts two and three have been combined!! With act three is planned to be drawn out by traveling and MC at home, while things transpire. This means that meeting Dante will happen later in the chapter, possibly in act five or six instead of four. I'm really trying to build more depth and such!

SNEAK PEEK TO PHANTOM WARDEN:

Facing the light of a bedroom and the glass of a mirror, dividing him from the beautiful singer. Who sang unbothered, moving around their small bedroom—though to him—they deserved far grander. He would give you a far grander room, life, anything, and everything. He drags his eyes over their form, standing and merely watching as you ready for bed.

Only to cast his glance downward and away as you undress and switch into your clothes for bed.

And when you're done he looks, watching you crawl into your bed, the candles low. He'll come to you like a dream. Waiting until you slip into a deep sleep and the candles fade out. Before he slips into your room, pushing past the glass and making his way slowly to your bed, leaning over your sleeping form.



[NBD - CHAPTER WRITINGS](#)

[Mar 21, 2024](#)

When I tell ya! I spent all damn day working on damn stats but NBD hates me istg. And the color format I am hating! Ugh. So I'll have to go through it and fix some of the colors cause they're too dark. So I might spend Friday doing that. And despite the title, I got nothin' for chapter three. I'll probably save it for Saturday or Sunday. Cause tomorrow, i have a lovely surprise for Warden and Anil fans *insert Grinch smile*

But I can do is go into the vision I have for how chapter two begins.

Since NBD is a lot more fast-paced than TSTT and honestly a filler story in my mind since they take place in the same universe. Chapter Two starts depending on who you chose in chapter one, either anil and slice or eric and viento, it'll play out into the night. most dialogue and options to grow you closer with the pair you chose, so a few options for their stats and such.

Ill have to add eric and alice's profile too. So you'll get that. When i reach the half-way mark, ill share it and so you can see the process of everything!!

(This was supposed to be posted yesterday)



[ANIL'S DANCE SNEAK PEEK](#)

[Mar 21, 2024](#)

ANIL X GN!READER
| FLUFF | DANCING |

“Straighten your back.”

Her hands glide along your spine, coaxing you to adjust your posture as she holds your right hand high, pressing your body firmly to hers. Her steps are slow, instructing you to move as she does. Her heels echo across the empty ballroom, muting the sounds of your steps.

She moves in a patterned circle, guiding you along with each sweep of both of your arms, with each sway of her hips, stepping back from you, and walking you around her until you are directly behind. Her touch is firm but gentle as her fingers slip from your grasp, kicking her foot out and stepping around to fully face you. Opening her arms and slightly instructing you to step forward and meet her. Your right hand returns to her left, while your left moves to her upper arm, and her hand goes to your waist. She rocks you back, dipping slightly as her right-hand glides from your waist and across your back to your left arm and raises it. Letting you rest a portion of your weight on her..



[ANIL'S DANCE](#)

[Mar 21, 2024](#)

ANIL X GN!READER
| FULL VER. |
| FLUFF | DANCING | 0.6K |

— . . — 》★《 — . . —

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There is no music.

You stare at the woman before you. Her face is neutral, far more focused on guiding while letting you simply dance. You can't tell if she's enjoying herself, even though she was asked to dance. You blink, glancing down at your feet, only to feel the commander squeeze your hand, wordlessly instructing you to lift your head. She looks through you, making eye contact, yet you can feel her gaze.

She isn't instructing a formal dance. She steps away, guiding you out under her left arm to walk in a controlled circle and when you make your way around, she easily catches you, stepping back. "You're staring." Her voice draws you out of your thoughts and your eyes widen for a moment. She's looking at you directly, black eyes staring at you. Not through you.

"You're really focused." You speak calmly.

"I am."

Her words are blunt, continuing the dance. Silence settles over you both. She steps forward, hand gliding to your waist and pressing your body close forcing out a 'hmp' from your lips. Unprepared for the sudden movement. "... I didn't think you'd enjoy dancing." She falls for a moment, as you both step back as she this time walks around you, pausing once she's directly behind.

"I don't." Her hand covers your left hand, dragging the tips of her nails along your arm, sending chills across your skin and grabbing your shoulder, pulling your back and wordlessly instructing you to turn your form and face your, her left and your right clasping together as she walks back, directing you to follow.

"Yet you're—"

"I have lived a long time. It only makes sense that I know how to dance." She cuts you off. Using simple steps to travel the entire ballroom. "Oh." You say softly, and you watch amusement seep into the grip, her touch slightly holding you close.

"Oh." Humor is etched into her tone as she mimics you and you find yourself falling silent. It's hard to say you know where you stand with the commander. Dancing with her is so easy. So comfortable. Following her steps, her gestures come as second nature. Yet this experience is so new to you, but to her—

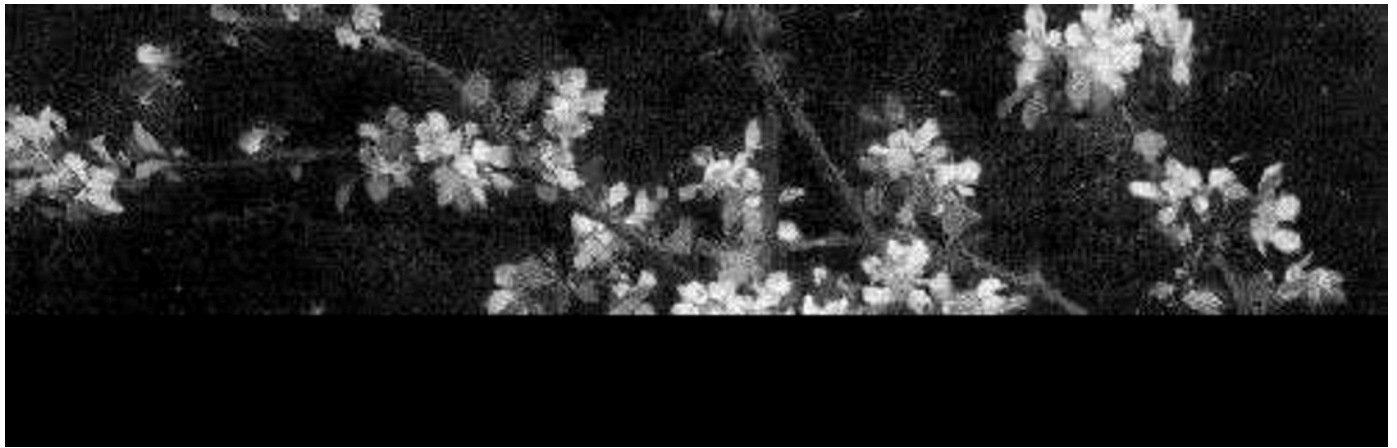
She stops her movements and pulls away with you, just as the doors to the ballroom open and a maid appears, bowing. Just by her appearance, Anil lets out a sigh. Buttoning the top buttons of her shirt. "In just a moment." She acknowledges the servant, glancing back at you before stepping towards the ballroom doors.

“Thank you for dancing... with me...” You speak up quickly, and the commander pauses. She turns around and faces you fully. She stares at you, really stares, crossing her arms as she nods. There is this soft breeze that sweeps across your form.

“You’re welcome.”

— . . —)★(— . . —

[ANIL'S DANCE.pdf](#)



[WEEKLY OVERVIEW: MARCH 25TH, 2024](#)

[Mar 25, 2024](#)

Whew!! A long week is over and not as much writing has been done as I’d like. The majority of my time went to editing NBD, and completely editing the bath scene with Ro. Which I just forgot? I don't even know. However, I have made a few coding changes that'll have to get through. Which should make it easier for everyone. I'll also have to go through TSTT and spend time on that tonight before tmrw and write the fic I've had in drafts for a hot minute.

Then I need to work on visuals for the ROs, and possibly start a commission for the warden possibly, but I'll say that for April me. I don't want to overwhelm myself since I still have college classes, though, I have all 'As'. cause I'm awesome. So right now, my main goal is keeping my Patreon active and I'm aiming for June with releases.

Thank you for supporting me as always! I am insanely grateful to you and I don't know where I'd be without you. But but but!! I am absolutely excited about what I have for tomorrow with TSTT!!

[Tiny Update](#)

[Mar 26, 2024](#)

I really really wanted to go over and share TSTT with y'all but it s seems I'm come down with a nasty bug and feel unwell.. Hopefully I feel better tmrw.

Love, C



[NBD: CHAPTER UPDATES](#)

[Mar 30, 2024](#)

Surprise!! I feel a lot better since Tuesday and have been waiting to post an update with NBD. First, the entire outline is done, and whew. It's a long chapter that is mainly on building the relationship with the characters. There are so many options and points you'll gain with the characters, it's so exciting!!

You get to share a tent, and based on previous actions, a bed!

- You'll have your first sexual encounter with Anil, based on her giving you a sex dream, either to share some of her sexual energy (if you're a succubus/incubus) or if she's taking your sexual energy if you're a different species — You can also say no.
- Alice asks to drink your blood, and that gets intimate.
- Eric — you get to share a tent and he'll read to you, but nothing sexual or even romantic yet

Outside of sexual moments, you also get a lot of platonic moments and getting time to really know the characters. And if you don't like any of the commanders dw all these things are optional!!

I am just so excited with chapter two and I have officially begun writing!!!

SNEAK PEEK: THE ENTIRE LENGTH OF CHAPTER TWO COMPARED TO CHAPTER ONE:

	PG.1					PG.30.1	PG.30.2				
blight	PG.2				stepdeeper	PG.31.1	PG.31.2				
chapter =	PG.3				!<<set	PG.32.1	PG.32.2				
>	PG.4				\$gamechapter =	PG.33.1	PG.33.2	PG.33.3	PG.33.4		
>CHAPTER	PG.5				"CH.2">>	PG.34		stay with	go with eric -		
div>	PG.6				<center>CHAPTE	PG.35		- increas	increase		
	PG.7				TWO <div>	PG.36.1	PG.36.2	platonic	approval -5 -		
	PG.8.1	PG.8.2						discuss his circle	and your		
	PG.9					PG.37		h			
	PG.10		chapter =			PG.38.1	PG.38.2	PG.38.3	PG.38.4	PG.38.5	
	PG.11.1	PG.11.2	>You			PG.39		smile - p	simple -	no goodbye	
	PG.12.1	PG.12.2				PG.40		platonic			
	PG.12.1	PG.12.2		PG.12.1.1	PG.12.1.2	PG.40.1	PG.40.2	PG.40.3			
	PG.13		antx \$namechanx		!<<set	PG.41.1	PG.41.2	PG.41.3	PG.41.4		
	PG.14.1	PG.14.2			!<<set	PG.42		if sitting	alice boos, but		
	PG.15	PG.15.1			"CH.1">><<set	PG.43		eric, he'l	nothing more		
	PG.16.1	PG.16.2	PG.16.3	PG.16.4	\$failtosayname			he's oka			
	PG.17				to true>>	PG.44.1	PG.44.2	PG.44.3	PG.44.4		
	PG.18				!<<set	PG.45		with eric	SLEEPING		
	PG.19				!<<set	PG.46.1	PG.46.2	PG.46.3	PG.46.4	PG.46.5	PG.46.6
	PG.20				\$gamecl	PG.47		DAY THE	DAY THE	DAY THE	DAY THREE:
	PG.21.1	PG.21.2			\$gamecl	PG.48.1	PG.48.2	spent wi	spent wi	spent wi	spent with your
	PG.22				\$gamecl	PG.49.1	PG.49.2	book	puzzle a	art all on the	
	PG.23.1	PG.23.2	PG.23.3		\$gamecl	PG.50		reveal yourself			
	PG.24				\$gamecl	PG.51.1	PG.51.2	feelings of			
	PG.25.1	PG.25.2	PG.25.3		\$gamecl	PG.52		declare	declare	declare	declare your
	PG.26.1	PG.26.2			\$gamecl	PG.53		feelings	feelings	feelings	feelings -
	PG.27.1	PG.27.2			\$gamecl	PG.54		approva	disapprc	disapprc	rommantic - 2 -
	PG.28				\$gamecl			understa	anger	jealousy	lust n wanting
	PG.29.1	PG.29.2			\$gamecl			she pool	chatises		
					\$gamecl			once inside the			
					\$gamecl			walls and out of			
					\$gamecl			the way, damien			
					\$gamecl			introduces			
					\$gamecl			himself with the			